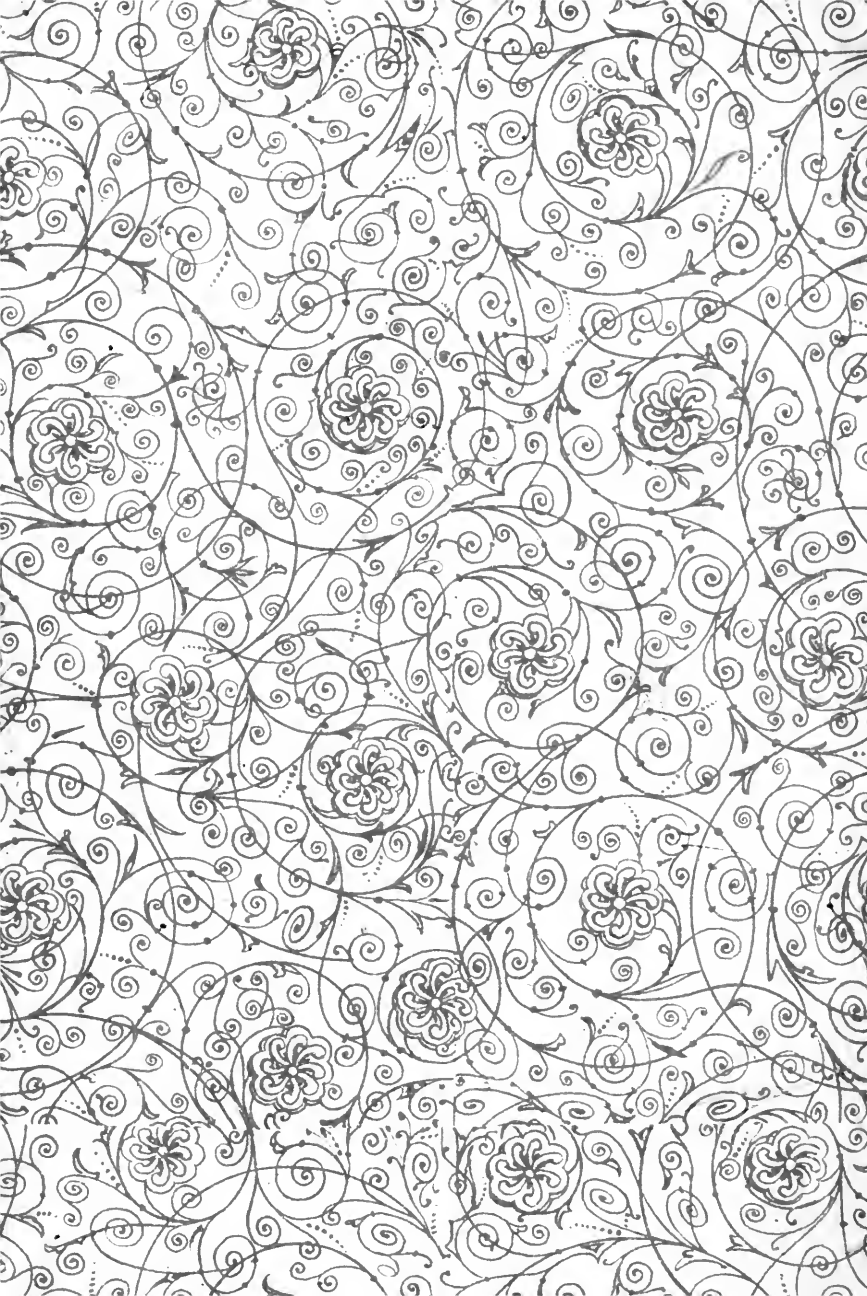
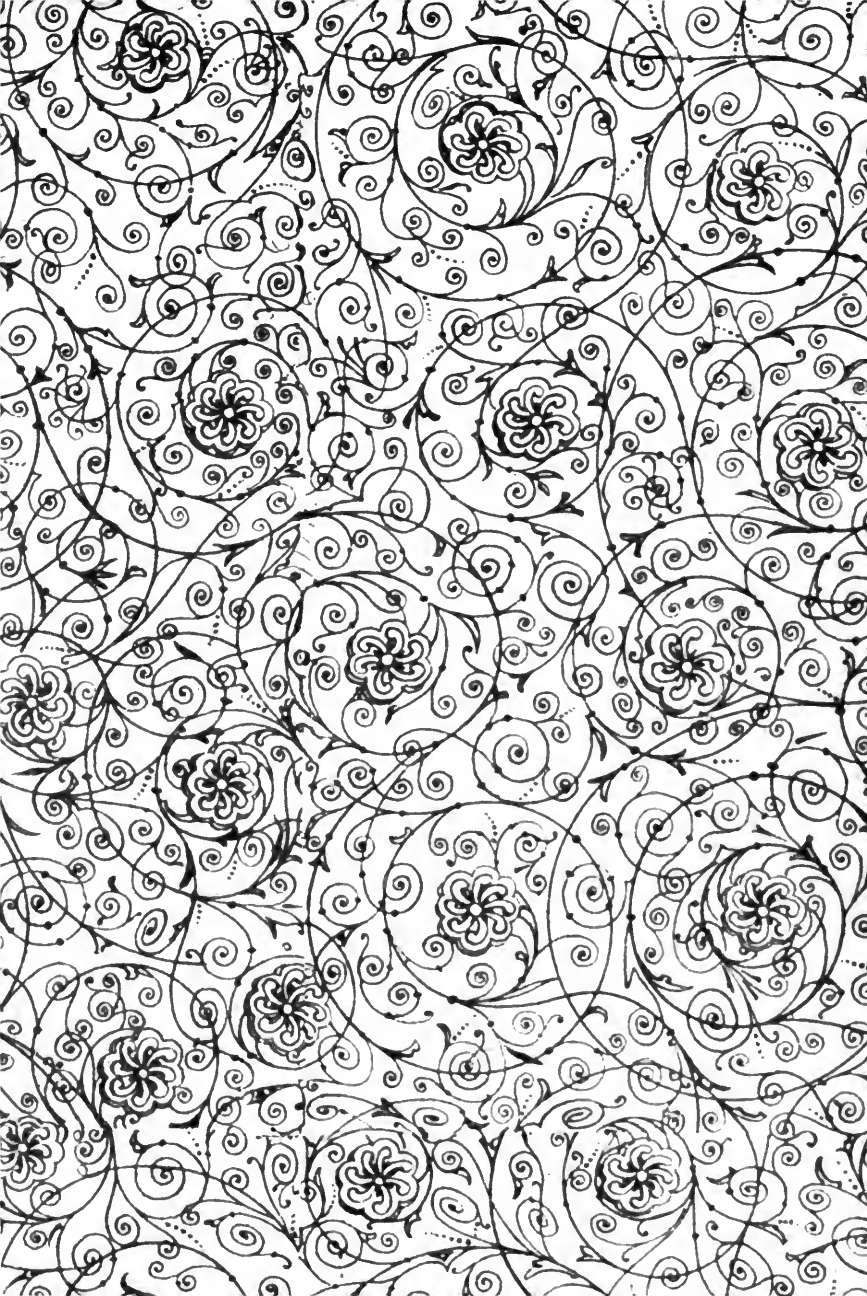
Kansas Miscellanies.

By

Noble L. Prentis





Hubert B. Johnson.

Ivy, Kansas.

Nov. 22d. 1890.

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KANSAS MISCELLANIES.

BY

NOBLE L. PRENTIS.

"As the gray and melancholy main to the sailor, the desert to the Bedouin, the Alp to the mountaineer, so is Kansas to all her children."—JOHN JAMES INGALLS.

Second Edition.

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TOPEKA:
KANSAS PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1889.

TO

MY BEST FRIEND,

SAFEST GUIDE, LITERARY COUNSELOR,

AND BUSINESS ASSOCIATE,

My Wife,

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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PREFACE.

IT is believed that the contents of this little volume will explain its title. They are miscellaneous, and everything between the covers has some reference to or connection with Kansas, and Kansas people.

"Battle Corners" was suggested by a visit to the battle-fields of Prairie Grove, Pea Ridge, and Wilson's Creek. There is no attempt to give a historical account of those battles. A critical narrative of one of those combats would fill a volume like this. There is no attempt to catalogue the brave. What is here are but the reflections of the writer—an effort to describe the localities as they are now, with the hope that others may be led to visit them; and the recollections of three old soldiers, given after the lapse of many years, and without aid to the memory, but, it is believed, given so vividly that others will see with the mind's eye.

"The World a School" has appeared in print in many forms, and was included in the volume known as "A Kan-

san Abroad." It appears here at the suggestion of many friends.

For the rest, it may be said that they consist of sketches which appeared originally in Kansas newspapers, and of addresses delivered to Kansas audiences. These are presented, without regard to lapse of time, in the form in which they received the honor of being copied in Kansas newspapers, and the kindly mention of Kansas people. They are selected from a mass of writings, the labor of nearly twenty years, in which there has scarcely been a day when the writer has not said some word for Kansas, the land of the sunflower and the breeze. To the always-lenient judgment of the Kansas public they are again committed.

TOPEKA, February, 1889. N. L. P.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The favor accorded the first edition of this book has induced the publication of a second. This edition contains a number of corrections and changes; some in the interest of conciseness, some in justice to the facts. For the benefit of eyes which fade and fail as we grow old, it is printed in larger type.

TOPEKA, August, 1889. N. L. P.

KANSAS MISCELLANIES.

BATTLE CORNERS.

IT was in the closing days of the year 1888 that the writer, in company with the Commissioner, visited the country which will be spoken of in these pages as "Battle Corners."

In the school atlases in vogue in the early '50's there were patches of red or yellow covering the southwest corner of the State of Missouri, the northwest quarter of the State of Arkansas, the southeast quarter of what had recently become the Territory of Kansas, and the northeast quarter of what had been reduced to the present Indian Territory. In the Missouri quarter there was one dot—Springfield; in the Kansas corner a star—the Government military post of Fort Scott; in the fraction of Arkansas a dot—it was probably Fayetteville, though it may have been Fort Smith; in the Territory the solitary mark indicating Fort Gibson.

Scattered about in this region the metes and bounds of which have been loosely indicated, were given in ir-

regular lines the geographer's or map-maker's idea of the Ozark mountains; an elevated region rather than a regular chain.

The map-makers left this country thus unmarked and void because man had left it so; and ten years later it is doubtful if there was in the United States at that time a country, nominally under the operations of law and settlement as long as the States of Arkansas and Missouri had been, more solitary than these "corners," more destitute of common roads and bridges; while as for railroads, the nearest approach as late as 1860 was far-away Rolla. Yet, suddenly, as one may say, these wooded hills and rugged hollows, these rough and rocky solitudes, the banks of these swift streams accustomed to no sound save their own dashings, the passes in these unfrequented mountains, the scattered fields of a careless agriculture, the red roads that clambered up and down, the paths that threaded the brush and brake, the little prairies that stood like islands in the ocean of forest, were filled with armed men. Thousands of miles from the capitals of the contending governments; without cities to besiege or defend; without great rivers to open or close, or hold as highways; without strategic points of value to either force; without fertile fields or rich pastures—the supply-grounds of armies—to be guarded or fought for, this region, the obscure corners of three States and a Territory, became the scene of war—long, persistent, bloody; marked by the display of every heroic quality that can distinguish the human soul, and the commission of every fiendish crime that

can be conceived in a malignant heart and executed by a bloody and unsparing hand.

The forces which gathered in this region to do battle in open field or sudden ambush, made up the strangest mixture known in the annals of warfare. White men, red men and black men; regular soldiers and volunteers; Kansas borderers and Texas rangers; men from the Canadian frontier and men from the Mexican boundary, men from nearly every country in Europe, clad in every garb, armed with every weapon, marched and camped and fought and died in the "Battle Corners." With such combatants, a vast number of them irregulars; partisans who came and went; robbers who forsook their accustomed vocation of theft and murder to be soldiers and patriots on occasion; and in such a country, destitute of railroads and almost entirely without telegraph lines; with no great newspapers within a long and weary distance; with no regularly organized bureau of correspondence, the result in the shape of what is called recorded history has been meager and confused. Enough was done and suffered in a country where every old tree has its scar, and every ford of every mountain stream had its fight, to furnish many a winter's tale and grandame's legend, growing doubtless more fearful with each passing year; but of preserved and printed history, of critical analyses of campaigns, of military memoirs with maps and plans, there is and is likely to be very little. This does not diminish but rather increases the enchantment which time's distance lends to the view; and it may be that when the heavy volumes in which

generals on both sides in the civil war have recorded their operations or excused their blunders in other fields, are for the most part unread or forgotten, the novelist will be exploring the old fields and resurrecting the old war stories lingering in the woods and mountains and prairies of Missouri and Arkansas and Kansas; another Scott, the magician of a wilder and bloodier Border than Tweed flows through or Cheviot looks upon.

Rising above the level of the hundreds of combats, scouts, forays, raids, and even encounters owning the name and style of battles, in which the casualties were serious, and, for the numbers engaged, enormous, there were three pitched battles which attracted the attention of the whole country, and which had direct and important results. They were the battles of Wilson's creek, Missouri, fought August 10, 1861; Pea Ridge, Arkansas, fought March 6, 7 and 8, 1862, and Prairie Grove, Arkansas, fought December 7, 1862. In the first and last actions Kansas troops bore a prominent part, and while no Kansas regiments or batteries were engaged at Pea Ridge, the locality was a familiar one to them, and many of the troops engaged, both Union and Confederate, were known to them. In this attempt, then, to blend the present and past of "Battle Corners," the three old fields were visited, beginning with Prairie Grove.

The writer was impelled to visit these fields by a general interest growing out of the part Kansas had played in the old dramas of which the old Shakesperian stage directions would say, "Scene, A wood; drums and

trumpets without," but he had no personal recollections to indulge in, the fortunes of war having led him to different and distant fields, but with his companion, the Commissioner, it was a return to once-familiar scenes. As a long-suffering trooper in a Kansas squadron, he had ridden on his faithful steed, in truth, on several different steeds, all over the triangle of which Fort Scott and Springfield and Van Buren may be called the points, many a time and oft, by day and by night, when not only man but horse fell asleep through overpowering weariness, moving along in dreams, if horses may dream. "Danger, long travel, want and woe," was a summary of a cavalry soldier's campaigns in "Battle Corners," and yet mixed up with this particular veteran's recollections of "wounds and tales of sorrow done," were other recollections of army days, many of them clustering round a panicky field officer, and an especially vociferous and ungodly bugler, so that in riding along through the Arkansas woods he was fain at the thoughts that within him rose to burst into peals of laughter, so loud, so free, so reverberant, that had they been uttered in war-time they would have aroused that mysterious, elusive and vanishing bushwhacker's camp, in search of which so many thousand Union cavalrymen spent a large portion of their valuable time.

Journeying first to Fayetteville, we came upon, crossing the railroad track at old Keatsville, the railroad station for which now bears the rather New-Englandish name of Washburn, the first reminder that we were on the "dark and bloody ground." It looked like a shal-

low ditch with a rock bottom and low sides of fiery red clay, the beginning of a ravine, washed and to be washed by rain. It was in fact—that rock, bleached like a skull—part of the skeleton of an ancient thoroughfare; it was the old "Wire road." The "Wire road" was in the beginning a military road constructed in the earliest days from Springfield, Missouri, to Fort Smith. Along it was built, according to tradition, the first telegraph line west of the Mississippi river. The people past whose fields it ran and over whose lowly roofs it sang, were not versed in the science of electricity or its language. To them the aërial pathway of thought's messenger was but a wire, and they called the highway it followed the "Wire road." In military dispatches and reports it came to be mentioned hundreds of times; on the Union side generally as the "Main" or "Telegraph" road, while by the Confederates it was nearly always spoken of by its "country," and older name, the "Wire road." The "wire" was maintained after a fashion to the close of the war, and "wire" and "road" kept up their companionship until the coming of the railroad, running, too, from Springfield to Fort Smith, drew to its side all the telegraph lines, when the road itself began to fall into disuse, being dethroned as the one great thoroughfare of the country.

It exists now, as one may say, in fragments, as it lies in the way men may be going. In some cases it leads, as of yore, from town to town; in other places it has become a neighborhood highway; in others it has been inclosed in the fenced fields and made private property;

in others the forest has received it again to itself as it was.

It was by the "Wire road" that both armies advanced and retreated time and again. Down by the "Wire road" Herron made the tremendous march to the aid of Blunt, the junction being effected on the field, and amid the thunder of the guns of Prairie Grove; and to gain the "Wire road," Van Dorn, or rather Price, marched past the flank of Curtis's army the night before the opening of the battle of Pea Ridge. The three battle-fields of Wilson's Creek, Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove may be said to have been connected by it. Let no one suppose, however, that this important highway was any modern counterpart of Cæsar's military roads in Gaul, or elsewhere, or that in its construction it gave evidence that the army of the United States has always maintained a brilliant engineer corps, with the motto "Essayons." It displayed nowhere any trace of the invention of the late Mr. McAdam; it was a very natural road, and the soldiers whose painful duty it was to march up and down it, declared that not a tree had been felled in making it. Winding along, up and down, guiltless of cut, or fill, or bridge; mere hard and beaten path, or prolonged dust-heap, or lengthened quagmire, according to the sun or the rain, the shifting and uncertain elements, stretched the "Wire road" a *Via Dolorosa*. What sufferings, what dangers, what fatigues, what endings of all these, did it not witness! Men marched along it as if driven by fate. Often it was obstructed, as if it had been determined to close it

forever, and as often was it reöpened that more thousands might toil along its rugged ways, or find graves beside it. The "Wire road" must now be sought to be found; the railroad does not regard it, running as it does on lines entirely different. The glimpse of recognition we caught at Keatsville was the last until we stood in the broad highway that passes by the front of the Elkhorn Tavern.

At Fayetteville we were in the midst of historic associations. The nearest point of the field of Prairie Grove is twelve miles distant, and yet in the first reports the battle was said to have been fought "near Fayetteville." The mention on the street or in the hotel office that two travelers desired to go to Prairie Grove merely because of the battle that had been fought there, brought around them old soldiers of both armies, who "were there," and their conversation revealed the dividing line made by the war, which ran between neighborhood and neighborhood, and house and house, and often made its mark across the family hearthstone. In the great war this mountain Arkansas county of Washington was divided. A full regiment of Washington county men fought on the ridge at Prairie Grove under Hindman, in sight of their fields and homes; while a disaster which befell a regiment of Washington county Federals, the First Arkansas cavalry, was the opening event of the battle of Prairie Grove. Fayetteville seemed on the day we arrived the headquarters of Brooks's Confederates and Harrison's Federals. Both parties spoke freely of the "trouble" at the opening of the Prairie Grove

fight—the Confederates declaring that the "Mountain Feds." moving along in advance of Herron's command were stampeded by a small Confederate force and most ignominiously fled, tumbling off their horses and "jooking," or dodging through the brush; while the Federals maintained that, finding themselves in the midst of Shelby's brigade of cavalry, the advance of Hindman's army, and greatly outnumbered, they exercised that discretion which has long been confessed the better part of valor. Manners are everything, and the final settlement of the question depends on whether the burden of proof is to the effect that the First Arkansas, being in trouble, did, as an officer of the regiment assured us at Fayetteville, merely obey the order "By fours—right about—wheel," and "withdraw rapidly from the advanced position it had taken," or, in other words, "effect with little loss a withdrawal to another line"—or whether it unanimously and spontaneously ran off. When we realize that Gen. Albert Pike did not personally retreat at the battle of Pea Ridge, but merely, as he expressed it, "left the enemy behind by rapid riding," we realize the niceties of the English language as employed in the description of military and strategic operations. To "withdraw" may be generalship, to "retreat" is more grievous, yet possible without dishonor, while to "run" is intolerable; and yet a movement tending to increase the interval between hostile forces has been frequently described as all three.

On a sunny day around the public square at Fayette-

ville, Union and Confederate Cæsars open up their verbal commentaries. Old soldiers interested in the investigation of military questions growing out of the civil war, from the operations of the Army of the Potomac to those of the Frontier, can hear them enlarged upon by critics whose critical faculties have been sharpened by the profuse and frequently unpleasant smell of powder, wafted from opposite directions. For an exposition of affairs in which the First Arkansas cavalry was interested, they are referred to Captain C. B. Harrison, a leading business man of Fayetteville, and to Captain Patton, both of that regiment, to whom we were made indebted for interesting particulars in regard to the defense of the place against Cabell, and other operations.

Fayetteville, originally the political and commercial capital of northwest Arkansas, became known during the war to thousands of Northern soldiers, who, sick or well, in peaceful guise or on warlike errands intent, had occasion to visit it. It was the most important point on the "Wire road" between Springfield and the Arkansas river. Hospitals were established here which received the wounded after the battle of Prairie Grove, and the dead of both armies buried on the field were disinterred, and the mouldering relics of the brave now rest within the precincts of Fayetteville; Confederates in a rather neglected inclosure on the shelf of a high hill, the Union dead in the carefully kept Government cemetery on the summit of a gentle slope, a "green hill far away."

This spot, though watched and tended by an official guardian, had less of adornment in the way of the gardener's art than any Government cemetery I had ever seen, though of course the season of the year, December, was unfavorable to its display. The dead lie in circles widening from the center like ripples, wave after wave of white headstones, ceasing at the boundaries of the inclosure. Many, the larger number, were marked "Unknown;" and my heart rebelled, as it had often done before, at the thought that a soldier of the Union army whose name as a soldier was written scores and hundreds of times in the records of his regiment, from the orderly sergeant's book on and up, should slip out of life, as it were, to be lost, to have inscribed above him till his name is called again at the Last Day, "Unknown." In England one may see on the walls of parish churches, mural tablets inscribed with the names of English soldiers who died on the other side of the world. In this country such memorials scarcely exist; but should they not? If the memory of the brave dead, laid in untimely graves for their dear country's sake, is to be preserved, it certainly is not to be done by the erection of monuments that merely say that their names are lost and forgotten. Better nothing than that word "Unknown."

Fayetteville with its old associations recalled by many objects is beautiful for situation. It rests the eye, accustomed to level metropolises, checker-board emporiums, and "future greats," open to the wind on all sides. It is a city surrounded by high-shouldered hills, called

mountains, covered with forests. It stands itself on a hill the top of which has been shaved like a monk's crown to make room for the public square with the court house in the center. On another hill, hidden to the eyes by trees, is the State Agricultural College; and in the settlement it seems that the pioneer citizen who would rear his house where from his door he could have a view different from any other—hills, valleys, woods, a bit of separate heaven and exclusive earth—had only to select his hill, for no one might see what he saw, unless he stood where he stood. The houses in such towns, especially in the South, do not stand up in straight lines to be counted. There is a great want of system about this old town that has sat down in its shirt-sleeves in these Arkansas mountains. The grades of the sidewalks around the public square exhibit a great variety, and the court house itself would blush among its locust trees if it were designated as a "temple of justice:" it is just an old brick "cote house." The business houses about the square belong to the "since the war" period, and are spacious and creditable. There is plenty of old Fayetteville to dream over, and of new Fayetteville to inspire hope. It was hospitable in December. When Spring on her leisurely way, pauses in these valleys and among these mountains to make some arrangements for "peach time," which never fails here, heaven and earth and sympathetic people must be charming.

There was no suggestion of "peach time" in the air as we rode down the steep red hill and through the railroad culvert at the big fill. It was a sad, sunless, lead-

colored December day, that sulked and muttered of rain, but failed to carry out its threat. The rain had been falling for a week, or perhaps it was weeks, and what is known in that region as the road was a picturesque succession of mud-holes partially filled with round boulders the size of a sixty-four-pound shot. The traveling public cannot sufficiently thank Heaven for Appomattox. Had the Southern Confederacy been established it would never have "worked the road."

The primitive thoroughfare wound through the forest, the dull russet-colored oaks predominating, covered with leaves as was the ground beneath them. To the right, the road, now approaching, now turning away, kept in view ranges of straight-backed, wood-covered mountains, brown near at hand, fading into blue ranges to the southward—the Boston mountains. Shut in by the woods, with no sound to listen to save our own voices and the hoofs of the horses, "Quick" and "Dead," as they picked their way, slipping and sliding and floundering through the mud and boulders, there was little to do save to fix our minds on our purpose of following Herron's route as he marched from Fayetteville to the battle-field, going through a certain lane where his advance met the retreating cavalry returning from the interview with Hindman's advance, and crossing Illinois creek where he crossed it on the morning of the famous 7th of December.

But roads are subject to changes in twenty-six years, and most of the people of whom we made inquiries along the way, having been born since the war, in-

dulged in rather hazy recollections. We passed Walnut Grove church, a wooden temple in the forest, a country tabernacle of the sort that William Wirt immortalized long ago in what came to be the reading-book story of "The Blind Preacher." Within this distance of Illinois creek we should, we thought, have come to the lane. Through a rift in the forest we saw over the trees in the misty distance a white house, which the Commission said was on the battle-field; but we went on, and here were the rushing waters of Illinois creek, which all the rains had but given a grayish-blue tinge, but found we had crossed a mile out of the way. Working along a fence-row, we came out to the lowly mansion of Mr. Whit. Taylor, in the midst of a low-lying valley filled with corn—and here was the stream, here the ford, here the road from Fayetteville; and turning about we saw, lying against the sky, the long forested ridge of Prairie Grove, as Herron and his soldiers first saw it when they struggled through the swift icy waters of Illinois creek and a warning flash and boom from the height told them that Hindman was waiting for them.

It was approaching the gray close of the winter day, and the air was damp and chill. The low-hung clouds that had crept all day to the southward before the sluggish north-wind seemed to rest on the crest of the ridge which stretched, almost black, in their shadow. Around were the sodden corn-fields, near was the stream talking over its old stories to its banks, while the road ran up to the ridge and was lost in the forest. It was a dreary time, and the ridge took the form to the mind's eye of a

great altar of sacrifice. All the dreadful suffering borne there, between the rising of one day's sun and the shining of another, rested upon the beholder's soul. The staring eyes, the clenched teeth, the mangled limbs, the blood making a spreading stain on the leaves, the shrieking and plunging horses—all these came up unrelieved by any thought of glory or victory, even as that sky darkened with the coming night as if the sun were dead.

The road, which runs as it did twenty-six years ago, leads over the ridge through the woods and drops down into the village of Prairie Grove, which has grown up in the past twelve years around the Prairie Grove church, which served as the Confederate hospital, and near which the greater number of their dead were buried. The old church yet remains, faded and shabby in the presence of two or three new churches. It is a pretty little place, with probably two hundred inhabitants. It is a yellow-pine town, all of wood, save the two-story brick academy, which stands in the trees well up the ridge. All of the houses have great stone chimneys outside their gables, and few are so poor as not to have a little porch or gallery running along their front, overhung with vines, still green in December. Lights were shining early in the windows on the cloudy evening, children lingering on their way from school passed by in groups, the little girls smilingly returning the salute of the travelers. A bell, clear and sweet, was ringing somewhere, filling the dusk with its melody. So we drew up at the door of the house of entertainment. If it was a hotel and had a name we did not hear it, but it had a

landlord whose name was Crowell. The house had once been built as a double house, probably a double log cabin, but weather-boarded, and the space between the "houses," devoted in the country to dogs and saddles, had been inclosed, making a room. This style of architecture is quite common in Arkansas, and many a substantial-looking farmhouse is one of these "reformed" log cabins. In the sitting-room was a fire-place and two inviting beds with blue counterpanes. The landlord heaped high the fire. Ye who burn anthracite in a machine, a mysterious combination of flues and dampers, should have seen that fire of nature; wood from the near forest burning on the free and open hearth, air and fire and nothing more, like the fire, kindled from heaven, that warmed the first man. The fire rejoiced in its own brightness, and crackled and sang in the chimney, and lit every nook of the pine-ceiled room, and would not let the black-browed night even look in at the windows. There were but three guests of the vicinage, two seeming to be commercial travelers in a local way, and the other an old bachelor of rapid but imperfect speech, who told a good many times over about the size of a farm he owned in the vicinity of Rhea's Mill. We slept under a blue counterpane till the landlord came in before daylight and roused the fire to new exertions with a turkey-wing and went out again. Lying there awake, watching the rising fire, it was natural to think of the battle that raged and roared in the woods behind and above the house; but there, pinned to the wall, was a map of the United States of America. It was, it is true,

a railroad advertisement, and across several States was printed something about "through Pullman sleepers;" but there it was, before as after the fierce battle—the map of the United States from Maine to Florida, and around the lines of the Gulf of Mexico and up the Pacific coast, all of the States, all in one country, one nation, the United States of America. There was more in that map than the railroad advertisement, more than the story about the steel rails and the through Pullmans, a reminder that a nation had been saved because men had been brave enough to die for it at Prairie Grove, and on a hundred fields as gory—oh, how many, many men!

Morning came, chill, cloudy and forbidding. We walked along the business, what may be called the post-office street, in search of Confederate "cotemporaries" who could speak of the Prairie Grove battle from observation. There were several of them, all belonging that day to Fagan's Arkansas Brigade which held the Confederate right.

They thought the Confederate guns, over which the savage fight occurred at the White House, belonged to Blocher's Arkansas Battery. They spoke of the spot where the dead men were piled thickest, as "the place where the horses were killed," referring to an incident to be recalled farther on. All were free to speak, without bitterness, as of any past experience. After we had gone up the road, one ex-Confederate came sauntering up to say, "I reckon if Hindman had been let alone awhile, he wouldn't have left many of us for you fellows

to kill." This was an allusion to Hindman's savagely severe discipline. The local sentiment did not seem to credit Hindman with the generalship which led him to mask his movement from Blunt at Cane Hill, and, moving toward Fayetteville, attempting to crush Herron before he could form a junction with Blunt. The Prairie Grove village opinion was, that Hindman was only trying to pass around Blunt and strike Rhea's Mill, where there were three hundred wagons loaded with commissary stores. The ex-Confederates did not believe that Hindman knew of Herron's approach until his advance struck the "Mountain Feds." as before related, and pursued them beyond Illinois creek; then, they reasoned, he hastily took up a position on the Prairie Grove ridge. According to their accounts, he had not been long in position before Herron's artillery and infantry commenced crossing the stream. This, indeed, happened, but Hindman's own statement is, that he was aware of Herron's advance and intended to attack him, but was himself attacked.

The village sentiment pointed to a Dr. Lee as the best posted man in the community, a literary person who corresponded with the newspapers, but he had come into the country since the battle days. By general consent Mr. Bill Rogers, who lived on the ridge, and who with his family connections owned a large portion of the field, they thought the best guide procurable, and Mr. Rogers was found later in the morning, and obligingly mounted his mule and rode over the field. We went first to the white house on the right of the Confederate

line, and overlooking the ford where the road from Fayetteville crosses. From near this house the Confederate artillery opened on Herron's troops when crossing, and were replied to first by Backhof's Battery. Here the Twentieth Wisconsin and Nineteenth Iowa made the first charge of the day, carrying the ridge, only to be forced back. The white house of to-day is a neat cottage with dormer windows, and is occupied by a family named Hall, new-comers in the country. The inclosure about the house seemed recent. To the east, or in the rear of the house, is a young orchard taking the place of the old orchard which grew there at the time of the battle, and where Lieut. Col. McFarland, of the Nineteenth Iowa, whose brother, Judge N. C. McFarland, is an honored citizen of Topeka, and in whose memory the G. A. R. Post at Muscotah, Kansas, is named, was killed. To the southward, or nearer the summit of the ridge, much of the timber has been cut away; to the west of the house and immediately around it there seem to have been few changes, except those made by the hand of nature. The trees have grown, a change which occurring on all these forested battle-fields alters their appearance more than anything man has done; but there would be no difficulty, we should think, in a veteran of the Twentieth Wisconsin, or Nineteenth Iowa, or Thirty-seventh Illinois, or Twenty-sixth Indiana, from finding again the final scene of

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"It was the evening of the 3d of December, the weather being mild for the season and the roads good,

that just as we came off drill we were ordered to strike tents and march from our camp on the old Wilson's creek battle-ground. We marched hurriedly, making no stop for supper, and at 11 o'clock at night the brigade made camp on Crane creek. Long before daylight we were on the road again, and made a long day, the train and artillery keeping well up, and camped shortly after dark; and still the men held out well. The next morning very early found the column still pushing on, and just after the sun had set we were at the Elkhorn Tavern. The men had been dropping out during the day, and at night had used up their rations. I shot a hog on the historic field, and the Captain's mess and the boys' mess had pork. At the Elkhorn there was no talk of any enemy, and at 4 o'clock the column was moving again in the fearful dust.

"The men began to fall by the wayside — the road was lined with them; we climbed hills and waded creeks, and at 3 o'clock in the morning bivouacked in the streets of Fayetteville; we had marched without stopping, the men eating out of their haversacks, for twenty-three hours. The blisters covered the men's feet, but they wanted to fight. The night was cold, and the hoar-frost lay like a light snow on the ground; the men built fires from the pickets they broke from the fences. There was talk everywhere of battle. In an hour we left the fires and started over a bad road in the direction of Prairie Grove, my regiment leading the column. The sun rose clear, and shortly after, we heard scattered musketry firing in our front, and groups of horsemen

came hurrying back, white-faced and terror-stricken, throwing away their arms and accoutrements, and finally a lady in a black riding-habit, mounted on a fine black horse, came galloping back among the fugitives, calling out as she passed us, though not in such an agony of fright as the others, 'Fall back, men! fall back for your lives, for all is lost!' and she disappeared in the crowd that fled to the rear.

"When they had gone the road was apparently clear in front, with no enemy in sight or hearing. The brigade left the road and formed line of battle in some fields, and the skirmishers moved out along the whole brigade front and disappeared in the woods. The skirmishers came back; the column re-formed and commenced moving along the road at a double-quick. We came to a stream—it was Illinois creek, and we moved along the bank down the stream and formed in line. We could see nothing, but the enemy's shell and shot began exploding over our heads and tearing through the tree-tops. We moved again and took the ford, a battery dashing through the stream ahead of us. The guns went up on the level of the plateau; we stopped on a lower bench, a few feet nearer the river, and were sheltered by a sort of natural terrace. We caught sight of a long wooded ridge rising between us and the sky, and from out the woods on the crest came flashes of fire and puffs of smoke. The Rebel shells shrieked and burst and our battery roared defiance, and our men, the half of the regiment that had marched 120 miles in a little over three days, sank on the ground and slept while the

batteries had it out. The men's clothes, soaked in wading the creek, which was waist deep, froze to them, but still they slept as if they would never wake, while the shells burst over their unheeding heads.

"The batteries concluded their dispute for a time; the men were wakened and stood up in line, and soon the brigade was facing the long ridge, and then moved toward it. And the fire from the guns on the crest, and a musketry fire, seemed to grow thicker and louder as we neared it. I saw a white house on the crest and to our right. We came to the foot of the ridge, the slope covered with a tangle of vines and bushes and trees. Buried in this for a few moments, we were sheltered as if we had gone into a fortress. It was quite still. We came out nearly at the crest, and there was a newly-built rail fence, and there, a few feet off, so that we were looking into their muzzles, were the guns, and near by the horses standing quietly attached to the caissons. But two or three men were in sight. The guns which had been belching flame and smoke all the morning stood there still and cold, and the horses as if waiting for us. We could have taken the horses away, but some officer called out to shoot the horses. Men and officers called out in reply: 'Save the horses.' Again the senseless order was repeated, and this time obeyed. The beautiful horses were piled in a bloody heap, and the men swarmed over and around the guns, and a great cheer went up. Two minutes elapsed, the last stragglers were working their way out of the brush, and up to the crowd about the guns, when discipline asserted itself,

the broken mass was formed in line and began to sweep up the crest and over it, and down the farther slope, and coming to another rise, we saw five gray lines, one behind the other, and they blazed, one after the other, down in our faces.

"The impetus of the charge lasted until the regiment reached a ravine at the feet, so to speak, of the enemy. Here we stood and fired up the slope, and a hail of bullets answered, smiting our line, and then the men lay down and fired as they had been taught to do.

"The line in the ravine began to thin out; wounded men dragged themselves back out of the fire, and occasionally an unhurt man arose and made a dash for the rear. There were fifty men that never went back. The Confederates could have taken us all in; it was a mercy they did not come. After awhile I felt a pain in the foot, and a feeling as if one leg had died. Then I took a dead man's gun for a crutch, and limped back; there were no more men alive and unwounded in the ravine by that time. I passed the battery we had taken. The guns stood as we had left them. I saw our Colonel's horse stagger riderless down the slope and fall dead; the Colonel limped after, using his saber as a support; he was covered with blood. The Major was forming the men as they came back from the ravine down the slope below the guns, but our fight for that day was done. Of 425 men who went up to the guns, 50 had been killed and 175 were torn and marked and maimed for all their days."

Not far from the house were depressions in the ground, and piles of gravelly and barren earth covered with green mould. These mark the trenches where the Union dead were buried, and from whence their poor bones were afterward removed. There were other trenches in the orchard now inclosed. The family were absent and a flock of turkeys seemed in charge of the premises. All this ground was fought over, the combatants being generally the troops of Herron's command and the Arkansans; Frost's Missourians, who in the original Confederate plan of battle were placed on this flank, were soon sent to the Confederate left.

Leaving the Hall house, and keeping along the foot of the ridge, the Fayetteville road is reached, and with it the little weather-beaten structure known at the time of the battle, and still, as the "Rogers house." It was in its prime in the war days. Mr. Rogers said that Generals Blunt and Hindman took breakfast together here on the morning after the battle. The present occupant of the premises is a Mr. Jackson, an immigrant from Texas. A "dry well" here is said to be filled with unexploded shells picked up on the field and buried as a matter of precaution. To the west of this road and house are the remains of an old orchard, a few dead and shattered trunks of trees, with broken and mangled limbs scattered over the sward. This orchard, Mr. Rogers stated, the season after the battle bore bountifully in spite of the wounds it received during action.

The Confederate lines along here were held by Parsons' Missourians, while it was in this part of the field

that the Twentieth Iowa and Weer's brigade of Kansas troops charged and charged again.

Beyond the orchard, to the west, the slope of the ridge, still covered with heavy oak timber, is cut up with high rail fences marking the line of the Morton place, and here at the foot of the ridge is the cluster of cabins, sheds and outbuildings called generally the "Morton house." The original Morton erected his domicile here more than fifty years ago, and to the pioneer cabin additions have been made on all sides and of all materials. It would puzzle anybody to know which is the front and which the back door of the "Morton house." The mistress of the mansion now is Mrs. Staples, *née* Morton, who was a young woman at the time of the fight. The storm of battle, drifting from the east end of the ridge to the westward, drove the women and children to the Morton house, where they took refuge in a shallow cellar which Mrs. Staples shows to visitors. The Kansans and Missourians "took out" their ancient animosity around the house and among the outbuildings and about the spring. The house was between the batteries of the contending forces, but seems to have suffered little injury. Mrs. Staples was found in the room locally called the "loom house," weaving, while a handmaiden woke the echoes with a buzzing spinning-wheel. The room presented an Arkansas interior; a fire-place nearly filled one end, a "spider" stood on the hearth in front of the fire, and a powder-horn hung on the wall. Mrs. S. exhibited a part of the loom struck by a musket ball during the fight. The Fates spun that day and cut

short the thread of many a human life. She spoke of the battle and the bloody scenes enacted under her own eyes in the same impassive way that marked all the people of the neighborhood in speaking of the war; exhibiting neither exultation nor depression nor resentment. The incident most vivid in her mind was her coming up from the cellar to get some garments to cover the children, who were suffering from cold. She kept, she said, between a couple of stairways where she thought shot less likely to penetrate, and returned to the cellar with her burden in safety.

From this point, facing northward, may be seen the valley skirting the Prairie Grove Ridge, and the rising grounds and farms and woods beyond. The valley is now, as it was on the 7th of December, 1862, filled with cornfields. On the farther ridge but one house looks upon the field, a white mansion, the property of a family named West, in former years the wealthy family of the neighborhood, and the only one who owned any considerable number of slaves. Mr. Rogers said that this house was occupied as Gen. Blunt's headquarters, for which it was certainly adapted, overlooking the whole field, including the contending lines of both armies from one end to the other.

The lines of battle seemed very short, the Confederate front being embraced, in general terms, between the Hall house and the Morton house. East of the former and west of the latter, the battle seemed to fray out, so to speak, and we could find no tradition or landmarks. Our guide undertook to point out from the high ground

the positions occupied by the Union batteries, but this, of course, could be done only in a very general way; the great cornfield looks everywhere alike, and, besides, the batteries frequently shifted their positions.

Since the visit to the field of Prairie Grove here recorded, the complete story of the battle has been published for the first time. It is to be found in the twenty-second volume of the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," published by the Government of the United States. Here are the reports of Generals Blunt and Herron, of the Union army, and of thirty-two other Union officers, and of Generals Hindman and Marmaduke, of the Confederate army, and six other Confederate officers. These, written within a few days of the battle, tell its story in such words of fire as can never again warm or illumine. Reading these accounts it is very easy to understand why the Union line was no longer. Gen. Herron brought on the field of Prairie Grove but six infantry regiments, worn down by one of the most toilsome marches of the war; they were the Nineteenth Iowa, the Twentieth Iowa, the Thirty-seventh Illinois, the Twenty-sixth Indiana, the Ninety-fourth Illinois, and the Twentieth Wisconsin. With these were four batteries, Murphy's Missouri, Boris' Illinois, Backhof's Missouri, and Foust's Missouri; and besides these some five hundred cavalry, the rest having been sent to Blunt. It was with this force that Herron joined battle with Hindman's army, believed to number 25,000 men. General Blunt reports taking on the field, Weer's

Second brigade of the First Division of the Army of the Frontier, the Tenth and Thirteenth Kansas infantry, the Third Indian, and Tenney's battery, and Cloud's Third brigade, the First Indian, the Second Kansas cavalry, the Eleventh Kansas infantry, Rabb's Indiana battery, Hopkins's Kansas battery, and Stover's two howitzers. A brigade sounds large, but Weer's brigade went into the action with 902 men. Col. Weer in his report expresses his belief that Blunt's line of battle did not contain over 1,200 men. Six Western States furnished the men for this fight; they were Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Missouri. They fought Arkansas, Missouri, and Texas. The officers receiving special mention for gallantry and efficiency, in Gen. Blunt's report to Gen. Curtis, are Col. William Weer, Col. T. M. Bowen, Major H. H. Williams, Capt. S. J. Crawford, Col. Thomas Ewing, Lieut. Col. Moonlight, Major P. B. Plumb. Capt. John H. Rabb, Capt. Henry Hopkins, Lieut. Marcus D. Tenney, and Lieut. E. S. Stover. Kansas has remembered these and many more that Gen. Blunt did not mention; but this sketch is not history, or an attempt to discuss the justice of its awards, but the explanation why so limited a stage was found sufficient for the exhibition of the drama, the great scenes of which were the charges of the Nineteenth Iowa and the Twentieth Wisconsin and the Twenty-sixth Indiana and the Thirty-seventh Illinois on the Confederate batteries about the white house; the fight of the Kansans for the ridge beyond and above the Morton house; what may be called the charge of

Tenney's battery, that checked the Confederate advance; the charge of the Confederates on Rabb's and Hopkins's batteries, supported by the Eleventh Kansas, and the bloody repulse; and the final roaring fire of musketry and artillery that closed the day.

The "strategy" of Prairie Grove will be an open question while the veteran, assisted by his pipe, continues to discuss the art of war. The Commissioner credited that good soldier Col. Weer with the observation: "We blundered in and we blundered out." Reduced to the fewest words the story is, that Hindman wanted a battle; that Herron, regardless of odds, position, and all the rules, fought his enemy as soon as he found him; and that Blunt "marched to the sound of the guns," with the instinct of combat born in him, and nursed by his sailor youth amid the white-capped waves in the black night, when lightnings burn the skies and stormy winds do blow.

After going over this field, as we have said, we went to dinner with Mr. Rogers, our guide, where the talk was of peaceful themes, and of a certain progress in Battle Corners of which we may speak farther on. The meal ended, we were presented with certain apples, with the injunction not to eat them by the way but to carry them to our Kansas households with the information that they were "Shannon" apples, and that they grew on the battle-field of Prairie Grove. Mr. Rogers mounted his mule again and rode with us directly across the west end of the valley to the high ridge beyond on which the West house stands, and turning about

we looked back, and just then the sullen sky relented and a few rays of sunshine fell upon the valley and the ridge, "the place where the battle was fought."

The Commissioner, although he had twice visited the locality since the war, had seemed at fault in our journeyings about, but at this point of view the field was, as it were, restored to him, and again he saw the curtain of smoke that for an hour before the sun set on that 7th of December rose from the valley to the sky, and heard again that unbroken, pulseless roar, like the voice of many waters, from the stricken field.

The fight at Prairie Grove was girt about with a great cloud of witnesses. While that light battle-wave rippled along the foot of the embattled ridge, rushed up to its crest, and ebbed, stained with blood, to its foot again, four thousand Union cavalrymen sat on their horses, held back from the fray. What one of these saw is told in

THE COMMISSIONER'S STORY.

"The regiment to which I belonged was a sort of travelers' life insurance company. It did business in several States and Territories, from the headwaters of the Platte to the mouth of the Arkansas, with perfect impunity, and it is doubtful whether the eighteen hundred members whose names appeared on its muster-rolls from first to last, were ever safe from death except during their term of service in that regiment. And yet I think braver or better men never went to war. They did their duty well, but for that regiment, glory, like the 'milk sickness,' was always over the next hill. In

the drama of war it performed the culinary act. In this way on the long zig-zag route down from Scott, in the fall of 1862, it was going back and forth to and from that kitchen of the army while the other boys did the fighting.

"But after Maysville and Cane Hill there came a time when we were ordered to the front. At 2 o'clock on the morning of December 7 we were set in motion along a new route, under the incubus of great quantities of ammunition, and the injunction of silence in ranks. At daylight we were formed in line in an old wheat-field on the side of a ridge, and halted. Other regiments took position on our right, and as the day dawned we could see a line of battle extending to the crest of the ridge with a battery of black guns in the distance, in front of which sat an officer on a large white horse. In our immediate front lay the open field for a few hundred yards, and beyond this a dense forest of oaks. In our rear was a steep hillside, also covered with woods, through which the road we had come wound along from the valley below.

"Many of the men dismounted and built fires and laid down to sleep. They had been under arms for two days and nights. Others danced a hornpipe to the music of the company whistler, and still others indulged in sparring scraps which ended in a rough-and-tumble on the stubble. A band far to the right played 'Annie Laurie' with variations and the men cheered. There was an old straw-stack in the field, and directly it was covered with men burrowing into it to get warm. It

was a crisp winter morning; the hoar-frost lay like snow on the ground and the trees were hung with crystals. The air was deathly still, and the smoke of the fires rose in graceful columns to the tree-tops. The sun came up out of the depths of the forest in our front, and kindled the trees into a golden glow — forest and field and battle-line were greeted with a radiant good morning. Occasional shots over the hill told how the pickets on the two lines were feeling of each other, and this and the belated arrival of a regiment or battery, now and then, created a slight diversion; but I think that sunrise engrossed all hearts. Gradually the men began to inquire why we didn't do something, and a restlessness became apparent along the line. As the morning grew warmer they relaxed into drowsiness and indifference, and the whole line fell to pieces and became merely a prolonged group of idlers lying on the ground. The sun had cleared the tree-tops about an hour or so, when Gen. Blunt and his staff rode to the front of our regiment and began chatting with the Colonel.

"The party happened to be directly in front of our own company, and we could hear what was said. Blunt thought he had taken an admirable position, but the Colonel thought it could be improved by advancing the right, so as to put the men's backs to the sun. Blunt said this would be done as soon as the fight was on, and then they both agreed, and repeated it several times, in a reassuring way, that we would 'pound hell out of 'em this time.'

"An orderly rode up and presented a bottle of liquor

'with the compliments of Gen. Salomon.' Blunt stuck it in his saddle-pocket and dismounted to tighten his saddle-girth. 'Oh, by the way,' said he, 'perhaps you would like to inaugurate this battle by taking a drink of whisky, Colonel?' When the Colonel declined—which he actually did—Blunt remarked, 'Yes, I think we've more important business on hand just now.'

"Still nothing was being done, except that the officers drove the men into ranks again and again, and dressed the line, and repeated the injunction to 'remember your numbers,' and then faced to the front and waited. What did it all mean? It was eleven o'clock; the delay was ominous. Even Blunt was becoming nervous, and stroked the mane of his pawing steed in an absent-minded sort of way. Just then there was the faint boom of a gun far off to the northeast, and Blunt exclaimed: 'What was that?' Before the Colonel could answer there was another, and another, and Blunt blurted out in a disgusted sort of way, as though somebody had blundered: 'My God, they're in our rear!'

"Instantly, drums and bugles sounded, and that long, straggling line became as straight and as inflexible as a bar of steel, and then, forming column, marched to the rear and rushed pell-mell down the hill, up which in stealth and darkness, it had crept but a few hours before.

"In a few moments there was inextricable confusion; infantry filled the road in spite of all command to the contrary, cavalry rushed in, knocking them right and left in a frightful manner, and the artillery in turn over-

rode both and beat its way through. There was a tumult of voices, in which oaths and execrations predominated, but no attempt at military order in the horde of armed men who swarmed through the woods down that mountain-side.

"The first I remember that sounded natural, was the familiar voice of Blunt shouting to somebody, 'Tell the ——— fool to turn to the right and come on.' When we heard the old man the boys raised a yell and felt safe. The profanity sounded sublime. There was after all, one man who knew what he was about, and he was the commanding general. I think this must have been two miles from our position at Cane Hill, and here we 'turned to the right,' and soon struck a prairie. The black guns were already a quarter ahead, the horses lying close to the earth, and flying like the wind; while the scouts, Jack Harvey, Jeff. Clogston, Ed. Monroe and Andy Hammond, were leading the way. Another battery burst out of the woods and ran alongside of our regiment—for we fell into column the moment we reached the prairie—Blunt and his staff being between us. Every horse had a rider who was lashing at every leap, and the gunners were lying flat on the guns and caissons and holding on for precious life as the wheels bounded from hummocks and boulders that lay in the way.

"Blunt's horse outwinded them all, and presently that black steed and its restless rider had left batteries, squadrons and staff behind, and disappeared in the direction of the firing.

"The prairie was now alive with men, rushing in four or five parallel columns toward this wooded hill where a cloud of smoke hung and we heard the sound of battle. Incredible as it may seem, the infantry kept well up with the cavalry. I remember one regiment on the right, which I took to be the Eleventh Kansas, that passed us almost the moment we stopped. They were leaning to the front as though a great wind was sweeping them down, and their trail was strewn with blankets and overcoats they had thrown away. 'Coffee Pot' of our company, remarked that they were 'taking a splurge toward the New Jerusalem.' In a few minutes they were under fire. Other regiments went by in much the same way, and soon passed through a thin curtain of woods in our front and engaged the enemy; but the cavalry stayed out. Four regiments and several battalions, as they came up, were formed in line of battle as a reserve force, and sat on their horses while the battle raged. I think ours was the only Kansas regiment on the field that was not engaged. A host of Kansas men whom we saw pass through that curtain of woods had before sunset made their names immortal.

"In the course of an hour or two, when it became evident we would not be ordered in, one of our men who was always supposed to be well reconciled to peace, burst into tears and sobbed out, 'Just our —— luck; there is no glory for us.' On a later occasion, when the regiment was preparing to fight dismounted, this same man gave a comrade five dollars for the privilege of holding horses in the cover of a ravine in the rear!

"The firing was heavy all the afternoon, from the time Blunt reached the field until after dark, except for occasional intervals when the forces were changing position, after which it would resume harder than ever. Once this hill seemed to lift, and the sound was like the explosion of a mine. Several times there was a tearing sound, like the ripping of strong cloth, but about half an hour before sunset there was a steady roar like a waterfall, or train of cars, that lasted until dark.

"After this the firing gradually grew less, until there were only a few fiery arches in the gathering darkness, and then these ceased and the silence was painful.

"The next day we went to the field and saw the burial details putting the dead in trenches. The piles of dead where the battery was fought over, near the Hall house, were frightful. The ground was muddy with blood. Gen. Steen's body was dressed for burial in a linen duster and laid in a rail pen. Two or three crying women were moving about among the throngs of men, but did not seem to be looking for anyone in particular. Our Lawrence boys discovered in the person of a dead rebel near the Rogers house, a former desperado of Douglas county, whose sudden disappearance at the commencement of the war had never been explained before.

"Down on the slope, between the orchard and the spring, Hindman massed his men and sent them again and again to take Blunt's batteries, but they never passed a certain point, and on that fatal line from which they fell back, every ebb of the human tide left its

ghastly wrecks. One could have walked for a long distance on dead bodies. The slaughter was terrific. What made the sight peculiarly distressing was the discovery that very many of the dead were conscripts, and, strange as it may seem, Union men. They had bitten off the bullets and fired blank cartridges at Blunt's forces. There was the proof in the hundreds of bullets lying at their feet. It was a hard fate to be driven thus against those batteries, but even in that awful moment they refused to fire on the old flag. They also perpetrated a ghastly joke on Hindman.

"Almost every commissioned officer and many private soldiers from Kansas who fought at Prairie Grove became prominent in civil life, and a large number have stamped their names indelibly on the history of the State. Plumb, Ross, Harvey and Bowen have all been United States Senators, and the former has just been elected unanimously for a third term. Ross is Governor of New Mexico; Moonlight of Wyoming. Root became Minister to Chili. Harvey and Crawford became Governors of the State, and Stover Lieutenant-Governor. Hopkins made our penitentiary the model penal institution of this country, and was Railroad Commissioner when he died. Ewing, who had been Chief Justice and who might have been United States Senator if he had remained in Kansas, went to Ohio and to Congress. Alfred Gray made the State Board of Agriculture. H. H. Williams and Nate Adams became State-House Commissioners. Sergeant Booth is Speaker of the House of Representatives and Department Commander

G. A. R. Jeff. Clogston is now Judge Clogston, Supreme Court Commissioner; Andy Hammond is a banker in New York city. Hayes became State Treasurer. McAfee was Governor Crawford's private secretary, and afterward Adjutant-General. Perry Hutchinson, John Schilling, Cy. Leland, E. C. Manning, Ed. M. Hewins, John K. Rankin, Dan. Horne, W. B. Stone, Oliver Barber, Matthew Quigg and others have been Presidential Electors or members of the Legislature again and again. Bassett and Nate Price became district judges. Jno. T. Cox, who mapped the battle-field for *Harper's Weekly*, lived to fill important positions. W. C. Jones became United States Marshal. Cloud has been a Federal officer much of the time since, and has always been prominent in politics. Martin Anderson was State Treasurer. J. K. Hudson, who, when a beardless boy, was chief of Weer's staff, and who was under fire for six hours, has been under fire in Kansas ever since, and is yet unscathed. Veale has been in the Legislature whenever he wanted to be, since. Weer, a splendid soldier and a man of exceptional brain-power, shared the glory of the day equally with Blunt. The name of Russell, a perfect soldier who fell here, has been given to one of our counties. Cloud county was named for the colonel of the gallant Second Kansas, which fought here. Private Sam McFadden, who was brevetted captain for gallantry on this field, has been a part of the State government ever since; first as chief clerk in the Adjutant General's office, then as chief clerk in the Treasurer's office, and for fifteen years past

as chief clerk in the Auditor's office, and is now Assistant Auditor of State. These names prove that the 7th of December, 1862, was a great day for Kansas and for Kansas men."

Our guide took his leave and returned across the valley to his home and we rode back to Fayetteville by a better road for the most part than we had come, turning aside before we entered the town to visit the Silent City,

> "Where the houses are all alike, you know,
> All alike, in a row."

The steel-blue sky seemed to form a steeper and higher arch to clear the mountain-tops as in the early morning, between the moonlight and the dawn, we left Fayetteville by the "Frisco" train, bound northward

Visitors to the battle-field of Pea Ridge have a choice of several routes. They can reach Bentonville by the spur railroad which connects with the main line at Rogers, and drive fourteen miles, thus going over the line of Sigel's march from Cooper's farm, and seeing the ground of his operations on the 6th of March, which are included in the battle of Pea Ridge. Or they can reach the field in nine miles from Rogers; but to those who propose to reach the ground by the same methods employed by those who made it famous in March, 1862, on foot or on horseback, the best way is to leave the train at Garfield station, which is but a little over two miles from the Elkhorn Tavern. Garfield is the successor of what was a "tie station," called Blansett's, and

its very name is an evidence of certain changes that are occurring in "Battle Corners." There is now the beginning of a little town in the gravelly hills; a place where a meal may be procured by visitors not too fastidious to be spoken of as "You fellers" by the young woman who acts as assistant landlady. Horses and conveyances may also be procured in the neighborhood.

It was at Garfield that we arrived in an hour's run from Fayetteville, and just as the round, white moon gave way to a sun as round, but of red and fiery brightness. It was decided to walk over to the field and take the chances of securing horses at the Tavern to make a further survey.

The road ran all the way through the oak woods, and seemed to lie on the summit of a high plateau. The frosty air, the rising sun, and some old fields, by the way, brought to the Commissioner's mind the scene on the morning of Prairie Grove, when he saw the soldiers crawling out of the straw-stacks, the black guns of the battery waiting at the edge of the woods, and the lines of cavalry and infantry waiting for the word which came in that one dull boom in the northeast. As we went on the traces of the battle became evident in the broken tops of the old oaks, wounded so that a quarter-century has not healed them. It is doubtful if a human being ever entirely recovered from a square blow from an ounce or half-ounce ball, and trees do not seem to outgrow their battle-scars. Saying nothing of the effects of artillery fire, the mark of a musket-ball on a tree is permanent. The trees on the field of Pea Ridge

have been carefully searched for bullets as relics, and in some cases it has been found that the ball after striking the tree has bounded back, but there is the blue-black mark in the wood at the point where the missile ceased to penetrate.

While sauntering along looking at these traces of war in the woods, we came suddenly and without warning into a clearing, or rather cleared country, as it might be described, miles in extent, and a large two-story white building with a piazza, fronting a high road running north and south at right angles to the road on which we were traveling. The house was the Elkhorn Tavern, and the highway was the "Wire road."

The present Elkhorn Tavern, it may be said, is the successor to the original tavern which gave its name, in Confederate annals, to the battle which in the Union histories is called the battle of Pea Ridge. The present is a close copy of the original structure, even to a pair of elk-horns in the center of the ridge of the roof. The outside chimneys of rock have even been repeated, and the letters and figures "J. M. 1885," high up on the south chimney, would indicate that as the year of restoration. The tavern was established fifty years ago, which seems to have been the period of the white settlement of this part of Arkansas, by an Indiana immigrant named Cox, and his son is the present landlord of the Elkhorn. Three generations of the Cox family have thus called the wayside hostel their home.

In the great days of the "Wire road" the Elkhorn must have been a famous stopping-place, as Bentonville,

the nearest town until within a few years, is fourteen miles away. Many an honest man, in the old days, must have satisfied his hunger and quenched his thirst at the Elkhorn; and from its neighborhood to the Indian Territory, and its nearness to the State line of Arkansas and Missouri, it is reasonably certain that many a scoundrel, keeping one eye on his plate and the other on the door, dispatched his meal under its roof in fear and haste and went on his evil ways perchance with a stolen beast between his legs, and prudently unquestioned by his host.

Very pleasant on the December morning of our visit looked the Elkhorn and its surroundings. The day seemed to have dropped from the middle of April or even May into this last week of December. The sun was bright in a spotless sky, and the illusion of spring was the further perfected by the green wheat-fields which spread away from the Elkhorn to the southward, being the largest scope of plow-land we had seen in Arkansas. The barns and stables of the tavern rose on the opposite side of the road, and a little to the north, leaving the view unbroken of the road leading to Garfield station over which we had come. The next house to the north and near at hand, was a log cabin inhabited by a Mr. Cox, a brother of the thrifty host of the Elkhorn, but to whom fortune seemed to have shown the back or convex side of her hand. Like all the men of the Elkhorn neighborhood we met, he was meager and of sorrowful countenance, even as Don Quixote de la Mancha.

The first thing we met at the tavern was a disappointment. Expecting to procure horses there to ride over the field, we were informed by Miss Cox, the eldest daughter of the house, who seemed to be the sole occupant of the inn, that her father and mother had gone to town with the only shod animals, and that the numerous other horses of all sizes and ages about the premises were all smooth, and not fit to be ridden. The practice of keeping a great drove of horses about, each of whom, for some separate and distinct reason, is not fit to either ride or drive, is a peculiarity of agricultural life all over the West and South.

As a walk over the whole field would involve from twenty-five to thirty miles' travel, the idea of exploration was abandoned.

At Prairie Grove as at Wilson's Creek, it may be said of both armies that they have "carved not a line and raised not a stone," but for some reason the Confederates seem to have reoccupied the field of the battle of Elkhorn Tavern or of Pea Ridge. A few years ago in the presence of a great assemblage of people, Gov. Ross of Texas being one of the orators, a monument was dedicated to the Confederate dead. It stands near the Tavern, and was first visited. It is a slender shaft of white marble, such as may be seen in many cemeteries erected by individuals, and the work was done by some stonecutter in Bentonville. Considering that it is supposed to represent the generous remembrance of three States, it is not a magnificent monument, and certainly not commensurate with the hardy and patient valor of

the men it is designed to commemorate. It stands in an inclosure surrounded by a rail fence, a little pasture in fact, and we noticed that the foundation-stone was the native friable sandstone of the neighborhood, which will crumble to pieces in a few years, in which event the monument will fall to the ground.

The four faces bear inscriptions, one reciting that the monument honors all the Confederate dead who fell in the battle; another that it is sacred to the memory of Gen. Ben. McCulloch, of Texas; another that Gen. James McIntosh, of Arkansas, died on this field; another that Gen. James Y. Slack, of Missouri, here met his fate. The inscriptions convey the impressions to be obtained also from all historical sources, that Gen. McCulloch was a bold soldier, and Gen. McIntosh a greatly beloved man.

We sat down by the monument and saw in it an emblem of the ill-fated Confederacy, which called out so much bravery, so much sacrifice, so much enthusiasm, so much poetry, as typified by the white marble shaft and its sounding inscriptions, yet, after all, based on nothing tangible, as shown in the crumbling stone at the foot and surrounded during all its history by a certain squalor, rudeness, and poverty of resources, which could neither build nor rebuild; rendering courage futile, and even victory useless.

It must be confessed that these and all other serious reflections vanished in a short time. The sunlight and the warmth as of May, was very seductive. There were some black walnut trees near by, the ground be-

neath covered with the black-hulled fruit, and a little farther on there were trees covered with persimmons. Black walnuts and persimmons and a sunny day, these made a couple of middle-aged men forget wars and rumors of wars, and things present and things to come, and to find for a time that fountain of youth which Ponce de Leon sought in vain.

Resuming our wanderings we noted the high, wooded and rocky hill to the west, and as one may say, in the rear of the tavern, and climbed to the top of it. Its natural ruggedness on its east front has been increased by quarrying operations in the soft sandstone, perhaps to obtain material for the big chimneys of the Elkhorn. This hill is the easternmost of a high range of hills sometimes called Sugar Mountains. It runs off toward the southwest in a succession of conical forested hills, and toward the northwest becomes higher, rougher, and more heavily timbered. This hill commands a view of the ground occupied by the Union forces. It was itself occupied by the Confederates in their advance, and from it they were driven in the closing hours of the battle.

The Elkhorn Tavern may be said to be on the dividing line between a good country and a very rough and poor one. Such a thing as a good farm or a moderate competency does not exist north of the Tavern for some distance. The "Wire road," after passing the Tavern, drops down a tremendously steep hill and enters a wooded ravine, really a wooded cañon, Cross-Timber Hollow. The term Cross Hollows, which several times occurs on the map of the Battle Corners country, means

what it says: a point where two great gashes in the face of Mother Earth cross each other; or where, seemingly, four hollows converge. Although the sun was now high in the heavens it did not yet penetrate this narrow and somber valley, nearly filled by the road. At the foot of the steep hill there was formerly a tannery. All above-ground evidences of the tannery have now disappeared, but by searching we found the old vats now filled with grass and bushes. There was not much of human life stirring in the gorge; a man drove along with a collection of bones, horse-hide and ropes, in the shape of team and harness, and a deformed woman limped past, with one dull glance.

The popular tendency to "locate," in Western parlance, on poor land, must have puzzled many observers. On the fair lands stretching to the southward from the Tavern, there was scarcely a house visible, while as far as we walked along this Cañon Diablo, the road was lined with cabins, and these cabins were filled with people. These were the "poor whites," of the same family as the "Crackers," the "Sand-hillers," the "Clay-eaters," everywhere, regardless of altitude, latitude, longitude, soil, climate or circumstance, the same. Once it was said that they were the result of the presence of black slavery, but slavery has been dead twenty-five years and over, and still these people exist, the great American ethnological enigma.

Stopping at several of these cabins, as we retraced our steps toward the Tavern, we endeavored to gain some idea of the local understanding of the battle.

While standing inside the door of one of these habitations, talking to a family group, we were astonished momentarily by finding ourselves in almost total darkness. The door had been shut, and we had forgotten that the home of the "Cracker" has no windows.

As we worked our way toward the Tavern, the standard of intelligence seemed to rise, and we finally listened to an old man who opened his mouth and spake: "Right h'yer," said he, indicating a wooded ridge running off to the southeast, "Gineral Price tuk his cannon offen the road. He pulled his cannon along up the ridge by hand, and ever sence we've called this Price's Peak. My wife's father, Passen Williams, was a smart man and a powerful preacher, an' I've heern him say that when Gineral Price cut loose with his cannon, he killed fifteen hundred Federals in fifteen minutes. After that, he killed some mo', but not so many."

Thanking our aged friend for his cheering information, we proceeded along the "Wire road," as so many people interested in war had done before us, and from a wretched hovel, in the midst of a correspondingly miserable field, a boy came forth to ask us to buy relics of the battle-ground. He had a rather good, boyish face, but had the sharp whine, that can turn easily enough into a curse—the voice of the mendicant the world over. He followed along, and we asked him if many men had been killed thereabouts, and he answered: "Oh, lots of the Ninth Iowa, a little ways up the road."

Taking, thus the Hotel Elkhorn as a center, and making little excursions therefrom, the stage on which was

performed the last act of what should be called by everybody the battle of Elkhorn Tavern became familiar.

Not far to the east of the Tavern, on the road by which we came from Garfield station, we had noticed a cluster of locust trees, which is, like an old and abandoned orchard, a sure sign of a former human habitation. Why the locust, left to itself, does not run wild and spread over the country, is a mystery, but it does not. When fire destroys the roof-tree the locust stands shriveled and scorched but living for years to mark the spot and the calamity. When the family deserts the hearthstone, and the house is left to silence and decay, and the floors sink into the cellar, and the roof settles to the floors, the locust remains and scatters its white and clustered blossoms as of yore. These locusts mark the spot where stood at the time of the battle the "Clemens house," and the fields across the road were fields then, and do not cover a much larger area now than then.

Of this part of the field, the Elkhorn Tavern is the "head center." The last fighting of the battle was immediately about it, and nearly every general on both sides at one time or another during the three days' fighting visited it. There General Van Dorn had for one night his headquarters. Within a few hundred feet of it Churchill Clark—who seems to have been the favorite artillerist of the Confederate army—was killed, and also another distinguished officer, Col. Rives. So, while the accident of the "smooth" horses pre-

vented our going to Leetown and Pratt's store and the scenes of the first fighting done by Sigel's people, and the ground of Gen. Albert Pike's remarkable operations, which are described in a yet more remarkable report, and the spots, now marked, where Generals McCulloch and McIntosh were killed, we made a careful study of the ground about the Tavern, and at the Tavern we found an unexpected help to the understanding of the whole three-days struggle.

The reception-room, if that high-sounding name may be applied to it, of the Elkhorn Tavern, has become a sort of museum as visitors to the field have become numerous, and on the wall hung a blue-print of the field with the positions of the contending armies on the three days, drawn by Mr. Hunt P. Wilson, of St. Louis, who was present at the battle with Guibor's Confederate battery, assisted by Gen. John W. Noble, at the time of the battle adjutant of the Third Iowa cavalry, and Mr. Joe C. Cox, of the Elkhorn Tavern. While this is hardly a non-partisan and impartial blue-print, it is of value to the visitor, besides being an ornament to the room. It was not the only ornament, however; over the mantel was a picture rudely representing the moment when the Confederates captured the Tavern. Gen. Price, wearing a white suit and with his arm in a sling is cheering on his Missourians. A figure on horseback, supposed to be Capt. Churchill Clark, is directing the movements of a battery near the Tavern; shells are bursting all over the neighborhood, and there is a great deal of smoke.

The story of the battle of Pea Ridge is somewhat complicated, as it consisted of three different series of fights. Gen. Curtis commenced concentrating his army, which was scattered about the country for subsistence, on the line of Sugar-creek valley, on the 5th, and had two divisions in line by noon on the 6th. General Sigel, ordered up from Cooper's farm near Bentonville, lingered as usual, was attacked on the road, and it was necessary to send troops to help him through, which resulted in fight No. 1. In the meantime Gen. Curtis, foreseeing a flank movement, had blockaded the roads to the west of his position with fallen timber, but while it delayed, it did not prevent the movement by Price on the Bentonville and Cassville road to the north and rear of the Union army. He struck the Telegraph or "Wire road," north of the Elkhorn Tavern, turned into that road and moved south directly on the Tavern, sending batteries up a ridge commanding the Tavern and the plateau on which it is situated, as narrated by the son-in-law of "Passen Williams." In the meantime, that portion of the Confederate army commanded by McCulloch and McIntosh, including the unique Gen. Pike and his Indians, was encountered near Leetown, and here the Indians ran over a Union battery, ran back, and finally ran off. The regular Confederate forces commanded by McCulloch met the Union forces commanded by Gen. Asboth, Col. Osterhaus, Col. Jeff. C. Davis and others. This was a second battle, and resulted in a change of front from the Sugar-creek line, substantially from south to west. This battle was ended as far as the

Confederates were concerned, by the death of Generals McIntosh and McCulloch; the latter being killed by Peter Pelican, a soldier of the Thirty-sixth Illinois, who served as a private till the end of the war. Beginning on the morning of the 7th, and continuing with great severity, and independent of the Leetown battle, occurred the fighting between Carr's division, and Price's artillery and infantry, all Missourians. This was the third fight in the series. Price's batteries, Guibor's, McDonald's, Bledsoe's and Wade's went to the east of the "Wire road;" a large force of infantry under Little and Slack went to the west of the road; and our advance, consisting of the Ninth Iowa and Phelps' Missourians, stationed on the road between the tavern and the tanyard, was between two fires. Here Lieut. Col. Herron, the Capt. Herron of Wilson's creek, afterward the Gen. Herron of Prairie Grove, had his horse killed, and was himself wounded and taken prisoner. His regiment, the Ninth Iowa, sustained a loss in killed and wounded of 213 men.

The lines facing north and east inclosing the Clemens fields were held by Gen. G. M. Dodge, who was wounded, and whose horse was struck by twenty musket-balls. The result of the combat on the 7th was, that after desperate fighting, the Union lines were forced back past the Elkhorn Tavern; General Van Dorn establishing his headquarters at the Tavern. The hill to the west of the Tavern was held by the Confederates. On the night of the 7th, the divisions of Jeff. C. Davis and Sigel joined Carr's, still holding on near the Tavern, General

Curtis reasoning that with four divisions he could hold the ground from which one division could hardly be driven the day before. All the artillery, on both sides, was brought up, and at sunrise on the morning of the 8th the battle was renewed. Both armies had slept without fires during the night, and Editor Kennedy, now of Springfield, Mo., then of Guibor's battery, told me that on waking the next morning he saw two or three dead men lying near him. The fight was ours from the start on that morning. Greusel's Thirty-sixth Illinois carried the high hill; the Union artillery fire was overwhelming, and at about 10 o'clock the Confederates retreated, Price taking the road east, then called the Van Winkle road, from its use by a famous lumber contractor of that name, but which now forms part of the road to Garfield station. This portion of Van Dorn's army passed entirely around the Union army. The other portion fell back to the southward, from whence they came. The Confederate forces were divided. A great cavalry general might have pursued one or both fragments with destructive effect, but Philip H. Sheridan was in those days a quartermaster. Of Gen. Curtis it must be said, that while it has been stated that he was whipped at Pea Ridge, or at least thought he was, there is nothing in the official reports, or in the local traditions, to indicate anything of the kind. He did not happen to be a popular favorite during the war. It did not occur to anybody to call him a "Little Napoleon," or to insist that his blunders were evidences of a great military mind; but he was, nevertheless, a pure patriot

and a good soldier. When the living Union raises a monument on the field of Pea Ridge, as the dead Confederacy has done, his name should be remembered.

The nucleus of the Confederate army at Pea Ridge seems to have been the army that fought at Wilson's Creek. Gen. Slack, who was killed at Pea Ridge, was at Wilson's Creek, and Col. Hébert fell at the head of the Third Louisiana regiment, which he commanded at Wilson's Creek, and which will be found mentioned in these "memoirs." The Union army, on the other hand, was a new army. Gen. Sigel, Col. Osterhaus, Col. Carr and a few other officers had taken part in the Wilson's Creek campaign, but the mass of the troops came from beyond the Mississippi, and returned thither. One regiment must be excepted, the Thirty-seventh Illinois, commanded by Col. John Charles Black, since Commissioner of Pensions, which command remained west of the river and fought bravely at Prairie Grove. Asboth and Osterhaus distinguished themselves in the Vicksburg campaign under Grant. Col. Jeff. C. Davis afterward became a Major General and commander of the Fourteenth Army Corps. For two years the writer was accustomed to see him every day; a silent, lonesome-looking man, with sharp features, cold eyes of an uncertain color, and a complexion as if suffering from a perpetual case of jaundice. He lived entirely in his headquarters, and seemed to take very little comfort in his existence. The men attributed his solemn looks to his having killed Gen. Nelson, an act, however, which every soldier approved. In a volunteer army, speeches

from officers of high rank to the men are not uncommon, but Gen. Davis is known to have addressed the rank and file but once. When the news came that the National flag was again waving over Fort Sumter, he rode, as if moved by a sudden impulse, into the midst of the division, and as the men gathered about him he in a few words announced the fact. He was a lieutenant of artillery in Fort Sumter when it was surrendered by Major Robert Anderson. He was much respected by the soldiers of his command, whose eulogy was that he was "a good marcher and a good feeder." He has been dead for some years.

We lingered about the Elkhorn till the sun was sinking; making one trip over the broken ground to the northwest in the woods where a board nailed to a tree announced that "Here fell General Slack." Near this tree the Commissioner secured a memento of the field, as he did from the spot where some yet unfilled trenches by the roadside mark the place where the Ninth Iowa fought and where so many died. Mr. Cox said the field had been scoured by relic-hunters; he thought that since the coming of the railroad, four or five tons of shot and shell and bullets had been carried away.

General officers and others, in their reports of battles, frequently omit to make any mention of the weather. Of Pea Ridge, it may be said that on the 5th, the day before, it snowed, and was bitter cold. During the days of the fighting it was chilly and the nights cold. On the flank march by Price, it is said that many of the thinly-clad Confederates lay down on the ground and

never rose again; they were chilled to death. So close together were the opposing lines that a caisson of a Union battery was driven into the Confederate lines after dark and captured. Of course no fires could be kindled. But when the battle was over, the weather grew warmer and it rained. How often does that idea of the forgiveness of Nature come back to us. Again and again after the battles of the great war, the rain came softly in the night, dropping down in darkness to the tree-tops, and then dropping down from limb to limb, from leaf to leaf, to the ground. Dropping, dropping down, to cool the parched tongues of wounded men; to check the fever's flame; to wash the blood from drawn faces and from matted, gory hair. Dropping down in heavenly mercy to put out the cruel fire that had started among the leaves, crackling and creeping nearer to those who could not drag themselves out of its way. So sang the rain in the trees, so it pattered on the ground, so it gurgled as it trickled into streams in the ravines, that the dying heard in it familiar voices, and these were those who heard in it even the singing of "the choir invisible." So came the rain over the wide battle-field of Pea Ridge; so it fell on hillside and field. It washed the blood from the stained earth, and filled the ruts made by the cannon wheels, and ran from these into the little hollows, and then into the great ravines, and then into the great Cross-Timber Hollow, and on to the river, and far, far away to the Mississippi and to the sea. Then in a month after the battle came the Spring, filling the forest with green leaves,

and then the Autumn, to sprinkle the leaves upon the earth. So it has gone on, Spring and Autumn, since, till now there are but these old, crippled and shattered oaks, to groan and creak in the blasts of the wintry night, as if talking to each other of all they saw in the great battle, and all that was dared, and suffered, and done.

It was dusk by the time we had reached Garfield, but there was time for supper before the "Frisco" train came up from the south, and somewhere about midnight we were out of the woods and amid the sounds and lights of Springfield; and while we had been but a few days "off the road," the electric lights and bells seemed like things long lost and come back again. In the morning we woke up and discovered that certain carefully laid plans about a careful study of the battle of Wilson's Creek had, somehow, got lost. The guides we were to meet, the authorities we were to consult, and various other items in an elaborate program, were, we found, to be omitted. Of course a conveyance could be procured; we were back again where money could procure anything, and we were not dependent on Farmer Cox's attention to having his horses shod; but the drivers of "livery rigs" are not the most learned, instructive or reliable guides in existence, and it happened the driver who guided our chariot had never even visited the battle-field.

The fair weather of the day at Pea Ridge continued, and the drive of ten miles southwest was a pleasant one.

The country would have been, had it not been for the numerous streams, an open, rolling prairie, but the growth of brush and trees along these streams fairly divided the land into what New-Englanders call "woodland" and "tillage." It was all in such cultivation as one may see in the old counties of Illinois and Indiana, and, it being Saturday, the roads were lined with farmers coming to town. They looked like Ohio and Pennsylvania people, and every wagon was loaded with something for the Springfield market. The road has been changed many times, and we did not know whether we were on Lyon's road, or not; we only knew that it was the "near" road to Wilson's creek. Guide-boards were unusually numerous, but none told the distance or direction to the battle-field; yet such a guide-board would have answered more questions than any other. After driving up and down hill for a certain length of time, we felt, rather than knew, that we were on the field of Wilson's Creek.

Here was a valley between two sharp prairie ridges —not a creek-bottom, exactly, as that implies a level surface, but a broken valley—a succession of ridges, their points to the south and covered with brush so dense it seemed that a rabbit could hardly make his way through it. Along the east side of this brushy region flowed Wilson's creek—a bright, rippling, clear stream, lacking only a mill to be called a mill-stream. This was the upper part of the valley; to the south there were cornfields, and a body of heavy timber. The road went down the hill and straight across the valley,

crossing a small stream called Skegg's branch, which empties into Wilson's creek, and then ran up a sharp ascent to the open prairie, past a many-pinnacled white cottage. There are several houses about. At the time of the battle, it is said, there was but one settler in the neighborhood — a Mr. McNairy, who, finding his door-yard was likely to be the location of a civil war, packed up and went back to that land of refuge — Indiana. We found that the house of many gables was beyond the limits of our investigation. All the holy ground was in the narrow valley we had crossed. We turned back and found, near the creek, a road leading up a ridge through the brush — it was a mere trace — and passed a deserted wooden shanty, coming out in an open space near the summit of the ridge. This open space was a sterile expanse of an acre or so, covered with flat rocks, with here and there a stunted bush; a veritable "blasted heath." At the higher and upper end of the open space there was a pile of loose stones; not a cairn, but rather as if one had been piled there and then scattered about. On one stone, "Newsom," late of "Hughes's" regiment, Missouri (Confederate) troops, had carved his name. This is said to be the spot where Gen. Nathaniel Lyon — who, had he lived, would have been the Stonewall Jackson of the Union army — sank from his horse, dead. And this ridge is marked on Confederate maps as "Bloody Hill." From it may be seen all there was of the battle of Wilson's Creek, and that was very simple. Gen. Lyon marched out from Springfield, passed through the enemy's pickets, gained

these high grounds, and was almost upon the enemy, who were camped along the creek to the south, before they were aware of it. Gen. Sigel had marched, meanwhile, by another road, to gain the enemy's rear. He did so, made a slight attack, was attacked in turn, lost his guns, and went back to Springfield, arriving there as early as nine o'clock in the morning. This left the entire Confederate force free to attack Lyon, and Lyon's slender line, stretching across these ridges, charging and being charged, till, after the death of Lyon, they left the field and returned to Springfield, having fought from sunrise to twelve o'clock — this made up the battle of Wilson's Creek.

The field will always be of interest to Kansans, for of the four full volunteer infantry regiments which fought here, two were from Kansas, and they were the First and Second; here, too, Iowa had her First, and loyal Missouri her First. These were the "first-fruits" offered by Kansas on the altar of our common country. These were the "boys" who went into the war before the days of calculation; before drafts or bounties had been heard of. The Kansas "boys" went into the battle raw volunteers, they came out of it veterans. They fought beside regular soldiers of the United States army, and they fought as long and as well. The battle was a field of honor to all concerned. From it came seven Major Generals and thirteen Brigadier Generals of the Union army, and of these the two Kansas regiments furnished their quota, when it is remembered that with Lyon's column there were three battalions of regular infantry

and two light batteries, the officers of which were more naturally in the line of promotion.

The great figure of the battle was Gen. Lyon; his death sanctified the field. If every other event that occurred there were forgotten, it would still be remembered that Lyon died there. Kansas in her proud sorrow remembers that it was as he led the Second Kansas to one more desperate charge that he fell.

The volunteer force engaged was a very small one; to all it was their first pitched battle; all were young; and the experience of one young volunteer was the experience of all. The field was so limited that what one saw all saw. As speaking not only for the Iowa volunteer, but for the Kansas volunteer, and for the "brave boys of '61," who, as a triumphant melody of the war period assured us, were the boys who feared no noise, though they were far from home, let us give heed to

PRIVATE IRONQUILL'S NARRATIVE.

"The First Iowa infantry, that marched with Gen. Lyon, was composed of select young men from the leading families of Iowa. The rush to get into the regiment was so great that in many instances money was paid, and social and family influence worked to obtain admission, even as a private soldier. Mr. Seward, President Lincoln's Secretary of State, having announced that the war would be over in ninety days, the boys all wanted to get into the regiment, thinking it would be the only Iowa regiment, and they worked on the same principle that many do who desire to be

made delegates to State Conventions or get into the Legislature, or into an office of trust and profit. The companies were full to overflowing, and, in the process of making up, many young men were rejected, because they did not come up to their comrades' ideas of strength, activity and style; and when the final winnowing process came, being the examination which the United States army officer made in mustering us in, those retained were the athletic and companionable.

"Along in July, of 1861, during a campaign in which they displayed a wonderful durability, their term of service expired, and yet they had been engaged in no notable battle, nor had the war been closed in ninety days. The officers of the regiment in consultation with Gen. Lyon promised him that it would stay until such a decisive battle had been fought as would give Gen. Lyon the power to hold his position, and time to be reinforced.

"About the 1st of August, 1861, large bodies of Confederate volunteers from northern Arkansas and southern Missouri occupied the line in front of Gen. Lyon, south of Springfield, Mo. About sundown on the 1st of August, we were drawn up in line, marched all night, came to the enemy at 9 o'clock in the morning of the 2d, southwest of Springfield, and fought the battle of McCulla's store. On the next day, Saturday, the 3d, other engagements in that neighborhood took place, and on Sunday morning we started back to Springfield; the loss of the enemy being, as was then stated, from 175 to 200. The weather, for five days, had been terrifically hot. Gen.

Lyon appeared fatigued and worried. Gen. Totten, who commanded the artillery, was in a chronic state of anger. His lurid oaths could be heard all day, and the private soldiers listened with a strange dread when they heard his deep voice requesting the artillery boys to do something in about the following way: 'Forward that caisson, —— —— you, sir.'

"The boys in the First Iowa Infantry ranged in age from nineteen to twenty-five; perhaps the majority were under twenty-two. It seemed as if the younger the soldier, the better he stood the trip. Returning to Springfield, our regiment was sent out to the south of the city and were used principally as outlying pickets, being sent far out in companies at night, in supporting distance of other troops, and brought back at daytime to sleep in the shade of the sumacs and bushes near camp. Our rations were so diminished that the boys felt dissatisfied, being practically reduced to corn-meal and beef. As the days went by, strange rumors of the number of Confederates around us began to circulate in camp. Every night while on picket large bodies of reconnoitering cavalry appeared. When going on picket, a company tore down rail fence and built bastions. The rations were supplemented at night by the sending of details down into the heart of large cornfields; and with burning rails roasting large quantities of green corn, it being the rations of the pickets. The moon rose late, and this assisted the cavalry to reconnoiter; ere morning they stole back. Sometimes during the night before one of the rail bastions a fusilade

began, and the pickets were reinforced. And frequently a straggling Confederate crawling through a cornfield would shoot a picket, and frequently one or two from a picket-post would crawl out and unhorse a conspicuous Confederate cavalryman.

"The 9th of August, 1861, was an exceedingly hot day. All night before we had been on picket, and with difficulty some of the companies escaped being taken in; and the company to which I belonged, being out about three miles from the city, fell back half a mile to the corner of a large cornfield and barricaded the road and built rail pens, working nearly all night. In the morning everything was clear before us, and we were called in. There was great commotion in the city, and rumors that the city was to be attacked by the Rebels within twenty-four hours; that Fremont had refused to reinforce the line; that Springfield was to be abandoned, and that we were to march to Rolla to defend the terminus of the railroad, where fortifications had just been begun. Shortly before sundown the bugle was blown at our regimental headquarters south of town, and the companies fell immediately in line separately. There were no tents or regimental quarters, because we had no tents and were doing our sleeping out in the open air; and the companies' positions were marked by the fires where the companies' kettles were standing. Each company fell in under arms. After standing there a few minutes, General Lyon was seen approaching, riding his large dapple-gray horse. The companies were formed separately, there being quite an interval in some places

between them. Lyon rode past the companies and made a little speech to each. We couldn't hear what he said to the companies on either side of us, owing to the distance apart. When he came to our company his words were: 'Men, we are going to have a fight. We will march out in a short time. Don't shoot until you get orders. Fire low—don't aim higher than their knees; wait until they get close; don't get scared; it's no part of a soldier's duty to get scared.' This was all he said, and I believe it is a *verbatim* report; for we often afterwards talked it over and compared notes, practically committing it to memory. The absurdity of the last expression struck everybody—that it 'was no part of a soldier's duty to get scared.' His tone of voice was so low that it appeared as if he were talking under exhaustion. He was dressed in full uniform buttoned up to the chin, although the weather was red hot. There was no enthusiasm in it, and in fact the boys thought it was a poor effort. None of us liked him, and if the great majority had not had sweethearts back in Iowa we would have left him long before. He always wore a solemn, hard-working expression. He worked very hard, regardless of hours, and expected all of his men to do the same. He had no compliment or kind words for anybody, and talked to his soldiers the same as he did to a mule.

"Among the men he had bitter enemies for his occasional severity and want of consideration. The boys thought as they had agreed to stay with him voluntarily that he ought to do better. He seemed to go upon

the theory that he did not want his men to think kindly of him; that what we wanted of them was to have them understand that he was not to be fooled with, and that as they were in the employ of the Government it was his duty to see that that the Government got everything out of them that could be got for the time being. On the other hand, the boys felt that strange confidence which soldiers always feel in an officer who they believe understands his business. So that the speech that General Lyon made produced no particular effect one way or another, and had he not been killed would have been forgotten. In fact, the boys did not like Lyon. They wanted a fight so that they could go home creditably, to themselves and their sweethearts, and they knew just exactly how to fire a musket, and they did not intend to be scared, whether it was part of their duty or not.

"Soon after this time, when Lyon had gone, ammunition was distributed in large quantities and a large covered army-wagon drove up with a sergeant, who asked how many men there were for duty in our company, and on being answered, threw out into the bushes and grass an equal number of loaves of bread. These loaves of bread were about the size of an ordinary wooden bucket, perhaps not so high, but fully as large through, and had a crust brown and solid of about an inch thick all around. My action regarding my loaf was perhaps descriptive of many others; I plugged it like a watermelon and ate my supper out of the center. I then fried up a lot of beef, crammed the center of the loaf

with it, poured in all the gravy, took off my gun-sling, ran it through the lip of the loaf, filled my canteen, filled my cartridge-box and pockets with cartridges, and was ready to march. My clothing, while somewhat different from the rest, was of the same general description. We had no uniforms; I had on shoes without stockings. While marching through Dade county I ran out of clothes and secured a pair of winter breeches with heavy, coarse, cotton 'nigger-cloth' lining. I peeled off the butternut-colored home-made outside, and wore the linings, leaving on the outer seam a fringe which gave the linings the appearance of Indian leggings. The boys said that I was the 'Belle of the Mohawk Vale'—a song then new and quite popular. The hat I wore was a white wool one, quite advanced in years, that had belonged to one of the enemy in a former skirmish, and of the broad-brim type so much affected by horse-thieves in Kansas at the present day. The balance of my clothing was a heavy wool mule-colored shirt with breast pockets, each of which would hold twenty rounds. My musket bore the stamp date of '1829,' was long in the barrel, of vast bore, vigorous recoil, and substantial construction. It had been a flint-lock; but on the side of the breech where the priming went a brass plug had been fused in, and a percussion-lock attached. There were officers in our regiment who had scaled Chapultepec, the palace-home of the Aztecs, and who told us stories of Buena Vista and Molino del Rey. One of our buglers had sounded the charge at Palo Alto, and one of our fifers told us stories of the

wars with the Seminoles, in the everglades of Florida. In compliance with the manual and the revised army regulations, we loaded our muskets 'in nine times,' a performance which took much time and culture.

"After sundown, as soon as the men could get their lunches and fill their pockets with ammunition, we marched into the city of Springfield, not knowing where we were going. We soon found that we were to go southwest. The city was in frightful disorder. Every available means of transportation was being used by the merchants on the square to load up and haul off their goods. We had brought nothing along with us but fighting material, and had left behind, where we had camped, our blankets and cooking utensils. Storekeepers brought us out, during our very brief stop of a few minutes, tobacco, sugar, and things of that kind. Starting west, it was nightfall. When we got out of town and marched along the cornfields, the boys that didn't have any sweethearts slipped into the cornfields and through the fences to get roasting-ears, and never succeeded in catching up with the company until after the battle was over. But there were not many of these, and the other boys made life a burden for them, not only during the balance of their service, but for years afterward, until they moved somewhere where they were unknown. Without doubt they now rank among the loudest howlers, and the most accurate and regular pension-drawers that exist.

"The day had been fearfully hot, and as the night began to grow cool, life became more desirable, and the

marching was anything but a funeral procession. The boys gave each other elaborate instructions as to the material out of which they wanted their coffins made, and how they wanted them decorated. Bill Huestis said he wanted his coffin made out of sycamore boards, with his last words put on with brass tacks, which were: 'I am a-going to be a great big he-angel.' (Bill still lives.) After going several miles in the night, the road we were following was found to be leading tortuously around among the rocks and trees and brush among the hills, and we were ordered to keep still and to make no noise. About that time a cavalryman passed us from the front, and we noticed that he was going slowly, and that his horse's feet had cloths tied around them, banded at the fetlock. During the stoppage there was a passing to and fro along the line, and some one said that blankets had been tied around the artillery wheels. We moved short distances from twenty to a hundred yards at a time, and kept halting and closing up, and making very slow progress. Finally we were practically involved in the timber and among the side-hills of a water-course. There were some little light clouds, and it was light enough to see a short distance around us, by starlight. Finally word was passed along the line that we were inside the enemy's pickets, but were two or three miles from their camp, and rumor magnified the number of the enemy to twenty-five thousand. We could see the sheen in the sky of vast camp-fires beyond the hills, but could not see the lights. We also heard at times choruses of braying mules.

"About this time, while we were moving along we passed around the brow of a low, rocky hill, and the line stopped at a place where our company stood on a broad ledge of rock. It must have been about 11 o'clock. I never did know the hour, but I laid down on this rock to get rested. The cool, dewy night air made me feel chilly in the 'linings' which I was wearing, and the radiating heat, which the rock during the day had absorbed, was peculiarly comfortable. I went to sleep in from five to ten seconds and slept deliciously. I had made up my mind that if we were going to have a battle I certainly would not get killed, but might need all my strength and ability in getting away from the enemy's cavalry. The anxiety which novelists describe, and the wakefulness on the eve of battle, are creatures I presume of the imagination of the novelists respectively. I do not know what took place, until, early in the morning, just as there was a slight flush of dawn in the east, somebody came along and woke us all up, and told us to keep still and fall into line. We marched a short distance and struck an open piece of ground where we could see all who were marching, those in our front and those in our rear. The cavalry, artillery and infantry were marching in companies, abreast, and in close order. In a short time as it began to grow a little light we heard a gun fire. In a short time two or three more. Then some regular troops were detailed as skirmishers and circled around to our left. In a short time we found that the enemy were alive and active. Our regiment was ordered to go in a direction to the left,

and to take a position on a ridge; the enemy in straggling numbers were shooting at us from the ridge. The skirmishers fell back. As we marched up the hill, it came in my way to step over one of the skirmishers who was shot right in front of me. He was a blue-eyed, blonde, fine-looking young man, with a light moustache, who writhed around upon the ground in agony. I asked him where he was shot while I was walking past, but he seemed unable to comprehend or answer, and perhaps in the noise heard nothing. As we started up the ridge a yell broke from our lines that was kept up with more or less accent for six hours. We took a position on the ridge and the country seemed alive on both our right and left. Wilson's creek was in our front, with a descending hill and a broad meadow before us, in which about five acres of wagons were packed axle to axle. The hills bore some scattering oaks, and an occasional bush, but we could see clearly, because the fires had kept the undergrowth eaten out, and the soil was flinty and poor. Since that time a large portion of the country has been covered with an impenetrable thicket of small oaks. But in those days the trees were rather large; were scrawling and straggling, and everything could be distinctly seen under them all around. Across the creek, which was not very far, a battery of artillery made a specialty of our ranks, and we all lay down on the ground and for some time the shells, round shot and canister were playing closely over our heads. Some of the canister fell into our ranks. They were coarse cast-iron balls, about an inch

to an inch and a half in diameter. Where they struck in the ground the boys hunted for them with their hands. The shells were shrapnels, being filled with lead balls run together with sulphur. Our company did not have much to do for awhile in the way of shooting, and we simply laid on the ridge and watched the battery in front of us, or sat up or kneeled down, and when we saw the puff of the artillery we dodged and went down flat, and in the course of fifteen minutes gained so much confidence that the bays felt no hesitation in walking around and seeing what they could see, knowing that they could dodge the artillery ammunition.

"In a little while two pieces of artillery were run up on the ridge between our company and the company on the right. One was a six-pounder gun, and the other was a twelve. They started in to silence the enemy's artillery, and a concentration of fire began in our neighborhood near the cannon. The duel was very interesting, and our boys stayed close to the earth. Considerable damage was done to the guns, but they were not silenced. One of the large roan horses that pulled the gun was standing back of the gun and over the crest of the hill. A shell from in front of us struck this horse somehow and tore off its left shoulder. Then began the most horrible screams and neighing I ever heard. I have since that time seen wounded horses, and heard their frantic shrieks, and so have all other soldiers, but the voice of this roan horse was so absolutely blood-curdling that it had to be put to an end

immediately. One of the soldiers shot the horse through the heart.

"In a little while, in front of us, appeared, advancing in the meadow, a body of men that we estimated at about one thousand. They seemed to be going to attack somebody on our left. Our artillery stopped firing over their heads at the enemy's battery, but turned upon the meadow, and in a short time the enemy were in perfect confusion.

"On the edge of the meadow toward us, and between us, was a fence. The enemy rallied under the shelter of that fence, and, as if by some inspiration or some immediate change of tactics, or orders, they started for our guns. As they got nearer to us, their own artillery ceased to fire, because it endangered them. Then we rose, and when they got close the firing began on both sides. How long it lasted I do not know. It might have been ten minutes, it might have been an hour; it seemed like a week. Every man was shooting as fast as he could load, and yelling as loud as his breath would permit. We had paper cartridges, and in loading we had to bite off the end, and every man had a big quid of paper in his mouth, from which down his chin ran the dissolved gunpowder. The other side were yelling, and if any orders were given nobody heard them. Every man stood up and assumed the responsibility of doing as much shooting as he could.

"Finally, the field was so covered with smoke that not much could be known as to what was going on.

The day was clear and hot. As the smoke grew denser, we kept inching forward, as we fired, and probably went forward in this way twenty-five yards. We noticed less noise in front of us, and only heard the occasional boom of a great big shot-gun, with which some of the enemy were armed.

"Our firing lulled, and as the smoke cleared away, sitting on the fence in front of us, on the edge of the meadow, was a standard-bearer, waving a hostile flag. I do not know its description, but it was not a Union flag. The firing having ceased, we were ordered back and told to lie down, but the boys would not do it until the Rebel artillery opened on us again. Several wanted to shoot at the man on the fence, but the officers went along the line threatening to kill the first man that raised a musket, which was all right, that being the way certain things were done. The boys understood the threat, however, and knew that if they disobeyed they would at some future time get into the guard-house, and they simply observed, that if their officers did anything out of the way they would get 'licked' just as soon as all got mustered out—it being generally understood that the privates in the ranks had a higher, or at least equal social footing at home with their officers, they all being volunteers.

"In the meantime, however, a little Irish sergeant, who appeared to stand about five feet high, and sported a large, fiery moustache, turned the twelve-pound gun on the man who was waving the flag on the fence in such a foolhardy way. The gun went off, the Rebel

flag pitched up in the air, and the man fell to pieces gradually over the fence; and at least a thousand men on our side, who saw it, cheered in such loud unison that it could have been heard as far as the report of the twelve-pounder. I am not able to give, in any moderate limits, the history of the charges and counter-charges on the slope of that hill. In one of them the Rebel infantry, in its charge, worn down to a point, with its apex touched the twelve-pounder, and one man with his bayonet tried to get the Irish sergeant, who, fencing with his non-commissioned officer's sword, parried the thrusts of the bayonet. Others were around the guns, but none of them got away. The balance were started back down the hill; the twelve-pounder was loaded, and assisted their flight.

"At one time we were charged by a large detachment of Louisiana troops. They made the most stubborn fight of the day. They had nice, bright, new rifled muskets from the armory at Baton Rouge, which armory had by the secession leaders been judiciously filled, before the war, from a Northern arsenal.

"I had a musket made in '1829,' a clumsy smooth-bore; the troops in front were armed with the finest weapons of that age. We were borne back by the charge of the Louisiana regiment, slowly in the course of the firing, as much as fifty yards. Squads of Rebel cavalry had been seen in our right rear, and while the enemy were safe in running, we were not. No man deserted the ranks. During that fight, our color sergeant, the athlete of the regiment, a large and powerful

young man, and a great favorite, received a minie ball on the crest of the forehead. The ball went over his head, tearing the scalp, sinking the skull at the point of impact about the eighth of an inch. He bled with a sickening profusion all over his face, neck and clothing; and as if half-conscious, crazed, he wandered down the line, asking for me: he was my bunk-mate. I handed him my canteen, and sat him down by the side of a tree that stood beside our line, but he got up and wandered around with that canteen, perfectly oblivious; going now in one direction, and then in another. From that depression in the skull, a wasted skeleton, he, the athlete, died shortly after his muster-out, with consumption.

"We succeeded in repulsing the Louisiana troops, although we were not numerically superior. Our former victory had given us great confidence, and no man broke ranks or ran. As the Louisiana troops were going we followed them some little distance down the slope, and we put in about fifteen or twenty minutes gathering up fine shot-guns and fine rifled muskets, and looking over the fellows that were laid out. I still have two bullets left that I took from a Louisiana cartridge box.

"About this time we heard yelling in the rear, and we saw a crowd of cavalry coming on a grand gallop, very disorderly, with their apex pointing steadily at our pieces of artillery. We were ordered to step forward and meet them. We advanced down the hill about forty yards to where our view was better, and rallying in round squads of fifteen or twenty men as we had been drilled to do, to repel a cavalry charge, we kept firing

and awaiting their approach. Our firing was very deadly, and the killing of horses and riders in the front rank, piled the horses and men together, as they tumbled over each other from the advancing rear. The charge, so far as its force was concerned, was checked before it got within fifty yards of us.

"In the meantime over our heads, our artillery took up the fight, and the cavalry scattered through the woods, leaving the wounded horses and men strewn around. We captured several dismounted men by ordering them in under cover of a gun. A flag was seen lying on the ground about 150 yards in front of us, but no one was ordered or cared to undertake to go and bring it in. In a few minutes a solitary horseman was seen coming towards us, as if to surrender, and the cry therefore rose from us, 'Don't shoot!' When within about twenty yards of that flag, the horseman spurred his horse, and leaning from his saddle, picked the flag from the grass, and off he went with it a-flying. The flag bore the 'Lone Star' of Texas, and we did not shoot at the horseman because we liked his display of nerve.

"In a few minutes a riderless horse came dashing over the ground, and as he passed a bush, a man with a white shirt, covered with blood, stopped the horse, slowly and painfully mounted, and rode off. The cry passed, 'Don't shoot!' and the man escaped.

"In the meantime artillery fire concentrated on us, and the Irish sergeant yelled, 'They are shooting Sigel's ammunition at us!' Sigel had been whipped, because

his men, elated by victory, had stopped to plunder the lower camp. We had driven the Rebels from the upper camp into the lower camp. Our artillery had set on fire and destroyed the acres of wagons parked in the meadow in front of us.

"Some few spasmodic efforts were made to dislodge us, all of which we repulsed. Finally the hostile artillery in our front ceased firing, and there came a lull; finally the last charge of the day was made, which we repulsed, and the field was ours. Word had been passed along the line that Lyon was killed. A big regular army cavalry soldier on a magnificent horse rode down alongside of the rear of our company, and along the line, and appeared to have been sent for the purpose of bracing us up. He shouted and swore in a manner that was attractive even on the battle-field, and wound up with a great big oath and the expression, 'Life ain't long enough for them to lick us in.' After this last repulse the field was ours, and we sat down on the ground and began to tell the funny incidents that had happened. We looked after boys who were shot, sent details off to fill the canteens, and we ate our dinners, saving what we did not eat in a big crust and hanging it over our shoulders on our gun-slings. We regretted very much the death of General Lyon, but we felt sanguine over our success, and thought the war was about ended.

"In a little while, there being nothing visible in front of us, an orderly came and told us to move forward, and the artillery to go to the rear. The artillery had

to be helped off; we moved forward about one hundred yards, then wheeled to the right, marched some little distance down the line of battle, and supposed that we were going to chase the enemy down Wilson's creek, but instead of this an order came for us to wheel to the right, and take up a position in the rear. We marched to the rear, perhaps a half-mile or more, and on a ridge found the artillery and some of the infantry drawn up in a line of battle. We were fronted about, but nobody pursued us, and several of the boys who had brought packs of cards along sat down in groups and played. In the meantime our ambulances, ammunition wagons and other transportation had moved to Springfield, eight or nine miles distant.

"The boys were highly pleased that they had got through with the day alive, and there was no idea on their part that the day had gone against them. So much was this so, that myself and two corporals went off to a distant farmhouse to buy some peaches, the lieutenant consenting providing we would bring a lot back to the boys, and return when we heard a gun fire. While at the house we bought some buttermilk, and stopped with an old man to tell him the story of the fight, when in a little while we saw the dust rising, and saw that the whole detachment was going through to Springfield by the road. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon, as near as I can judge. A boy came in shortly afterward, and said that everybody had gone to Springfield.

"In a little while we got rested, and we started on after the army. There was nobody following; strag-

glers came along occasionally, and we sat down and rested from time to time. We were so hoarse from yelling that we could hardly talk. The reiterated kick of '1829' made my shoulder feel as if I had the rheumatism. We did not get into Springfield until after sundown.

"There was absolutely no pursuit whatever. When we got into Springfield we heard that about noon the report of the death of Lyon had come in, and that all the army supplies and stores had been sent northeast to Rolla, and that every merchant that could move anything had moved it. As we three came into town, grocery merchants hailed us to come in and get what we wanted. One man took a ham, another found something to put some sugar in; some took one thing, some another. One merchant pounded in a sugar-hogshead head on the street and told the boys to take it all if they could. It was so with tobacco, and nearly everything else. Union men did not wish to furnish the Rebel army with supplies. We hunted for our company, and found that an order had been received to burn everything that we could not move, and go to Rolla. The boys were all angry and swearing at the officers. The officers seemed all to be swearing at each other. Having eaten the remainder of my loaf and toasted some beef on a ramrod, I found out that all of our blankets and camp-kettles had been sent off on the wagon train. My two companions and I laid down on the ground, carefully folded the blue sky around us, and slept refreshingly all night, until early in the morn-

ing. We must have started about four o'clock, for it had grown light as we passed the suburbs of Springfield, which was then a small town. There were two roads from Springfield to Rolla. One was the 'Mountain' road, the other the 'Valley' road.

"On the 11th of August, the day after the battle, we marched thirty-two miles. In the mean time Rebel sympathizers on horseback had spread the word that we were retreating. The 'Valley' road was the best road for troops to travel, and the one over which the military trains and supplies came. In order to head off and ruin us the people on the 'Valley' road turned out, felled the trees, tore up bridges, and sealed up the road. We took the other one, and consequently the cavalry of the Confederacy were prevented from heading us off and beating us into Rolla. When they were in full flight towards Arkansas, they heard of our abandoning Springfield, and they turned back to pursue us. We could have held Springfield with our army and invaded Arkansas with it if Lyon had lived, or, after his death, had been properly succeeded.

"The second day from Springfield we only marched three miles. Our Generals had to stop and quarrel over who should assume command. Sigel, who had been so severely handled at Wilson's Creek, wanted to command the army, and the regular officers would not stand it. He and Sturgis quarreled it out. The result of the Wilson's Creek battle was lost by the discordant animosities of the leading officers. If some one had taken Lyon's place who had any capability, Springfield would

never have been abandoned. I do not allude to the casualties of the battle; they were very severe. We were better drilled, more hardy, tough and experienced, than our opponents. They were a heterogenous mass of good, bad and indifferent. They were three or four to one in numbers; but in actual, effective discipline and fighting strength, and capacity for hard work, they were not much more than our equals.

> Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just,
> And four times he who gets his work in fust.

"Few of the First Iowa infantry remain. It is their pride that Gen. Lyon was killed while leading them. The fact that the regiment stayed and fought after their term of service was out, raised the First regiment so high in the estimation of the State of Iowa, and made the State so proud of them, that nearly every member was commissioned in new regiments, and very many of them fell in battles of the Union, as officers, from General down. At the last reunion only about fifty were present—all fine-looking, gray-haired gentlemen. Their triennial anniversary of meeting is August 10th, the date of the battle."

There is, in this narrative, a melancholy confession frequently made in the confidence of their few friendships by men of General Lyon's stamp, that they are not able to attract their fellow-beings, and must be left in solitude to command them. Gen. Lyon came of an iron race. He was the grand-nephew of that Colonel

Knowlton who commanded the American right wing at Bunker Hill. He had passed his life in the regular army of the United States, and he was not a popular man among his fellows, as his political convictions widely differed from those of the great mass of officers in the "old army." He was one of the few men who believed the Civil War was coming, and who wished it to come. He hated the doctrine of disunion; he hated, personally, the men who preached it. He despised the men who lagged or hesitated in the defense of the country. As a soldier, he had no mercy on himself; he extended none to others. His life and death were a tragedy. He lived and worked alone; and, at last, weary, wounded, fearing, yet daring the worst — his face, his hair dabbled in blood — he called, like Richard, for another horse, and placing himself at the head of men as brave as he, rode to instant death.

Singularly, the most satisfactory and appreciative notice I have ever seen of Gen. Lyon — and so I commend it to others — has been written by an enemy, and one, too, who knew Gen. Lyon, and knew the full measure of his hatred of the Confederacy and all its works. I speak of Colonel Thomas L. Snead, for a long time chief-of-staff to General Sterling Price, and his little book, "The Fight for Missouri." In this work will be found a study — by a man as different from Gen. Lyon in lineage, education, tastes, and convictions, as one man can be different from another — of this born-soldier, whom he thus describes as at first sight: "He was now in the forty-third year of his age; of less than medium

height; slender and angular; with abundant hair of a sandy color, and a coarse, reddish-brown beard. He had deep-set blue eyes; features that were rough and homely; and the weather-beaten aspect of a man who had seen much hard service on the frontier." And this appreciative foe says of the life and death work of Lyon: "By wisely planning, by boldly doing, and by bravely dying, he had won the fight for Missouri."

It was but a look that we took at Wilson's Creek battle-field — one glance of the eye covers that ground; but there was time to think of Deitzler and Mitchell and those who have passed over the river, and the brave men and true, our friends and neighbors who did bravely there, and who are yet with us, as we trust they may be for many days to come. The hearts of these beat more proudly when the 10th of August comes around. It was to them a day of triumph, and they get together, some of them, every year, at Atchison or Leavenworth, and celebrate it. It makes no difference to them that Sam Sturgis marched off the field; they still believe that Wilson's Creek was the Union's victory and their own.

The field is not forgotten. It has many visitors. It has been the scene of reunions, and let us hope that some day on that bare ridge smitten by the sun and the winds, there will rise a monument, not with that desolate word "Unknown," but bearing the names of those who, daring for duty's sake, made themselves known forever.

The end of the war found Battle Corners desolate. All there was to lose had been lost. Nearly every county town had been laid in ashes; the country was a waste. Like one recovering from a swoon, first consciousness, then real life and movement, was slow in coming. But the bounty of Nature proved a restorative. Certain lead mines had been worked in a rude, slow way for many years—the Confederate Army of Missouri mined for their bullets at Granby. These mines spread, grew richer, and were found to extend into the "bloody angle" of Kansas. Then coal began to be sought, found, developed. No prospector ever starts for reported washings or diggings quicker than the railroad-builder starts for a mining or lumber country. Railroads were driven through the "Corners" in every direction, the "Gulf" and the "Frisco" systems leading. At first it seemed as if the Kansas "corner" was to have one system of railroads and the Missouri "corner" another, but this idea was abandoned and the State line is now crossed at all points. During the war there was scarcely a mile square that did not hear at some time the sound of hostile guns. Now there is scarcely that area in southwest Missouri and southeastern Kansas that does not hear the railroad whistle. The old towns, Fort Scott and Springfield, commenced to grow and have never ceased growing, and have become centers of capital which has aided the development of all the "Corners." The ruined hamlets of the war-time grew as if fertilized by their own ashes, and towns with new names filled the before uninhabited in-

tervals. Last to feel the impulse—last to waken when Peace said, "I say unto thee arise!" was Arkansas. Here, too, Nature gave the helping hand; the healing waters of Eureka, made accessible, were sought from afar, and furnished "bold advertisement." The country is yet, however, regarded more as a curiosity than an investment. But the road is open. It is idle to say that the world does not move when the mail is carried every day from Fayetteville to Prairie Grove and Cane Hill. We all know what they formerly raised in Arkansas: they raise apples now. At Prairie Grove they gave us "Shannon" apples; at the Elkhorn Tavern they brought forth an apple, red and green, and said it was a native of the battle-field, an "Elkhorn Pippin." These are the fruits of peace, more beautiful than any that grew in the Gardens of the Hesperides.

All this may be seen. It is but a few hours' travel now from Kansas to any of these historic fields. Now may the veteran once more and in perfect peace go where "war's wild deadly blast was blown," and muse in quiet on "all that he saw, and part of which he was."

KANSAS JOURNALISTS—MEN OF '57.*

KANSAS had newspapers as soon as she had anything. There was, to start with, a racebetween the two political parties which contended from the first for the mastery of the Territory, to establish a press in Kansas. The Pro-Slavery, more melodiously called the Southern party, having the less distance to travel, won the first heat, and the Leavenworth *Herald*, devoted to the establishment of slavery, was the first newspaper issued in Kansas. The primeval type-sticker had a magnificent composing-room. Its boundaries were the Missouri river, the Gulf of Mexico, the Rocky Mountains, and the British Possessions. No smoke-dimmed ceiling stretched above him, but he listened as he worked, to the September breeze as it rustled and rattled the leaves of a great elm tree, which extended its sheltering branches over the laborers of the "art preservative." The *Herald* was moved into the first house erected on the town-site, so a printing-office was literally the beginning of the first city of Kansas.

The pioneer newspaper man of a great State, one would naturally suppose, would figure in history as a marked and interesting character, but the dull, plain

American Journalist, December, 1883.

truth is that our newspaper Daniel Boone has been pretty much lost in the mists of time. Mr. William H. Adams was a mild-mannered Kentuckian, a printer rather than an editor; one of those who cares not who edits the papers of a country, provided he may attend to the advertisements and job work. Mr. Adams soon handed over the gray goose quill to Colonel Lucian J. Eastin, born in Nicholasville, Kentucky, and who came to Kansas, however, from Missouri, and who, in the course of human events, returned to that State to edit a Missouri newspaper for years, and finally died old and greatly respected. Very early in the history of the *Herald* Col. Eastin was reinforced by a fiery young Virginian, Mr. H. Rives Pollard, who was destined to exercise his pyrotechnical appetite on a wider if not hotter field.

While the Southern party gained a slight advantage in point of time, Northern ingenuity was equal to the emergency, and very shortly after the appearance of the Leavenworth *Herald* two Free-State papers made their appearance in Lawrence, both, to save time and trouble, printed in the East—one at Medina, Ohio, and the other in Pennsylvania. The Leavenworth *Herald* was printed before it had an office, but the *Herald of Freedom* was printed before it had a town, and was dated in an uncertain fashion at "Wakarusa, Kansas," the Wakarusa being a creek, on the banks of which the prophetic soul of the editor believed a town would arise sometime. The town failed to materialize, and the sec-

ond issue of the *Herald of Freedom* was printed and dated at Lawrence.

The writer of this chronicle has no disposition to draw from their "dread abode" the "frailties" of the early Pro-Slavery leaders and politicians of Kansas, but the faithful historian is forced to say that they utterly failed to grasp the idea of the value of the press. The Free-State party fully comprehended it, and the Pro-Slavery press, such as it was, was speedily overmatched in the matter of numbers, ability, and circulation. The Southern party established the Leavenworth *Herald*, the *Squatter Sovereign* at Atchison, and later, the *Union* at Lecompton, which was intended to be to the Territory of Kansas what the old *National Intelligencer* was to the country. With the exception of a few little papers, the names of which are mercifully forgotten, the papers named above made up the sum total of the Southern side of journalism in Kansas. The patronage of the Federal and Territorial governments went to the Pro-Slavery papers, but these never attained any noticeable circulation or influence. Probably the most imposing in appearance was the Lecompton *Union*, to which Territorial Governors, Secretaries, and such official personages, contributed; the editor-in-chief bearing the bovine name of General Brindle. Brindle now finds his green pastures and still waters somewhere back in Pennsylvania.

The Free-State papers sprang up everywhere, and were everywhere bold and alert, possessing what the

Pro-Slavery papers had not — a backing outside of the Territory.

The most prominent of the Free-State papers for a time was the *Herald of Freedom;* and, by the way, the word "freedom" and its derivatives was a favorite for title-lines. Besides the *Herald of Freedom*, there was Prouty's *Freemen's Champion*, at Prairie City, and so on all around the board. The *Herald of Freedom* was fortunate in its location. Lawrence was the capital of the Free-State party and the center of stirring events, and the *Herald* waxed fat. At one period it attained a circulation of eight thousand copies, which were spread all over the North; and in 1857 Mr. George W. Brown, the publisher, brought the first power-press to Kansas.

The irrepressible conflict in Kansas brought to the Territory correspondents of the great Eastern dailies, notably the New York *Tribune*, which was always ably represented. The best known member of the *Tribune* staff in Kansas was William A. Phillips, who fixed his residence in the Territory during the "troubles," has lived in Kansas ever since, and has represented the State in Congress. Mr. Phillips wrote numberless letters, and collected the fruits of his observations and experience in a volume, "The Conquest of Kansas;" a marvel of rapid book-making, written for a Boston publishing house in six weeks. Another busy man of the pen in those days was Richard J. Hinton, a young Englishman who had written for many Eastern papers prior to coming to Kansas, and whose journalistic range still extends from New York to San Francisco. To the names of

Phillips and Hinton should be added that of Albert D. Richardson, who became a *bona fide* resident of the Territory. These men were not mere observers, but took an active part in every stirring scene, and always turned up as secretaries of the Free-State conventions, which were held somewhere nearly every day in the week.

The year 1857 settled the political, and so the journalistic, future of Kansas. In the spring of that year it was estimated that one hundred thousand Northern emigrants came to Kansas, and virtually ended the controversy. Free-State towns sprang up everywhere, and each had its paper or papers, contending not for "the old flag and an appropriation," but for free Kansas and the town-site. The "year of grace" for Kansas was 1857. Besides the young men who came to permanently identify themselves with the Kansas press was an army of bright young fellows, prompt for a "scrimmage," be it with Sharps' rifle, or sharp steel pen.

These edited papers here and there betimes, and were always ready with their contributions. A gayer, brighter lot of godfathers never attended the christening of the journalism of a State. Phillips, Hinton and Richardson wrote, not only for Eastern papers, but lent a helping hand to the local press also.

Then there was Richard Realf, about whom there was a romantic story, to the effect that he was connected with the family of Lord Byron; there was John Swinton, then a "jour" printer, but who sat down at the editor's pine table occasionally; there was James Redpath, whose Irish letters have created such a stir

of late years—he started a paper at Doniphan called the *Crusader of Freedom;* there was J. H. Kagi, a companion of old John Brown, and a vigorous writer. Since the name of old John Brown has been mentioned, it may be said that he was not a contributor to newspapers. He came and went, like the Jibbenainosay in the old story of "Nick of the Woods," taking no part in conventions or political controversies. The only article believed to have been contributed by him to a Kansas newspaper was "John Brown's Parallels," which was brought to the Lawrence *Republican* office by Kagi.

To go on with the 1857 arrivals: There came a young man from Union College, New York, Mr. T. Dwight Thacher; another young man not long out of Harvard College, Mr. D. Webster Wilder; still another young man, with a lively gait and a freckled face, from Xenia, Ohio, Preston B. Plumb by name. The old town of Brownsville, Pennsylvania, sent a hearty youth, not yet of age, named John A. Martin. Then there were the Murdocks and Jacob Stotler, and yet another Ohioan, as good a printer as ever walked the sod, Sol. Miller. Then there was a stirring young man from Rochester, New York, who had visited Kansas in 1854, and now came back for good. Though not to engage in the newspaper business just then, he was destined to fill a large place farther on. This was Daniel R. Anthony. A red-headed boy, George W. Martin, also went to work in the Lecompton *Union* office about this time.

This was the famous "1857 crowd," who came to stay, and are here yet. They were all young, as every-

body in Kansas was then. Not a man we have mentioned was over thirty years of age. They were all ambitious, and the possibilities were wonderful. The stories of the printers, saying nothing of the editors of that day, make one think of Napoleon's saying about every French soldier carrying a marshal's baton in his knapsack.

In one issue of the *Herald of Freedom*, Editor Brown acknowledges the good management of the office during his absence by his foreman, Mr. T. A. Osborn; ex-Foreman Osborn is now United States Minister Plenipotentiary to Brazil.

A history of the "men of 1857" is the history of the foundation and the erection of, say the first story of the Kansas journalistic house; and so, if the "gentle reader will go with us for a moment," we will tell briefly, what became of these young fellows.

It is difficult to say which of the set first began to spoil white paper in the newspaper line, neither is the matter of precedence vital, but T. Dwight Thacher was heard from early in the action. His whole name, Timothy Dwight Thacher, tells the story of his ancestry, and to some extent his own story. Carefully educated in Alfred Academy and Union College, New York, he had taken his degree of A. B., and had gone back to Union to get his A. M., when he received a "call" to Kansas. Old George W. Brown's *Herald of Freedom* had become somewhat "withered" by custom, and an opposition organ was to be started. A couple of Mr. Thacher's former townsmen sent for him to engage in

the enterprise, and the young man came and went to work on the Lawrence *Republican*. He was not Saul among the prophets exactly, but rather a prophet in a crowd of Sauls. Those were "parlous times." There was intense excitement all the time and everywhere, and it is feared that a great deal of Eastern-made religion was lost overboard in crossing the Missouri; but young Mr. Thacher continued to steer clear of the soul-and-body-destroying whisky of the period, avoided sinful games of every kind, and yet bore his part manfully in the stern conflicts then raging. He stayed by his *Republican* office, saw its ashes after Quantrill's cruel raiders rode away from stricken Lawrence, went to Kansas City, labored amid the shocks of war with a promising infant which has grown to the present Kansas City *Journal*, went thence to Philadelphia, worked on the staid newspapers of that city, and then, as many a wanderer has done since, came to Kansas again, and after various changes found himself in the Lawrence *Republican-Journal* office with two partners, the Rev. Isaac S. Kalloch and Milton W. Reynolds. This was not "three of a kind" by any means, and the queer combination broke up, and left Mr. Thacher in charge of the paper, which still lives in the hands of Mr. Thacher's eldest son, the oldest daily in Lawrence, Mr. Thacher sr. reposing on his laurels in the comfortable berth of the State printership, which we are sure no man ought to begrudge him. To Mr. Thacher belongs the honor of having in a rude time, and amidst all sorts of trials, terrors, privations

and difficulties, preserved the language, the tastes, the manners and feelings of a scholar and a gentleman.

The word "scholar" brings up the name of another Kansas editor who came early, and is still with us. There is a tradition in Kansas that old Dr. Nott said once that Thacher was the most promising student that had graduated from Union College; and D. W. Wilder took the Franklin medal at the Boston Latin School, and the first prize—the Bowdoin gold medal—at Harvard. Then he read law and was admitted to the Boston bar, and, being ready for a comfortable Massachusetts existence, gave it up to live in a little cottonwood Kansas town, since drowned in the Missouri river, and felt rewarded for the change, in the society of the boys. We believe there was once a law office in Elwood, but common gratitude to Ben Franklin, who had kindly left a medal for him, demanded that Wilder should go into the newspaper business, and he did. It was the Elwood *Free Press*, and Lee & Wilder ran it. Fortune shuffled the cards; Lee went into the army, grew to be a very erect brigadier general, and then made a large amount of money as State Printer of Louisiana, and now divides his time between American and European luxury. Wilder went to St. Joseph, started a freedom paper about twenty-five years too early, and was rewarded for his exertions with an indictment. D. R. Anthony, of Leavenworth, thought this a burning shame, and started for Wilder's benefit a newspaper which as a grim joke was called the *Conservative*. Then it was the *Times*-

Conservative, then the *Times*. After years of work in Leavenworth there followed a vacation spent at Fort Scott editing the *Monitor*. Then divers years passed as Auditor of State, when some new ideas were introduced in the way of combining the editorial and official styles of composition in the annual reports, greatly to the delight of the public, who had never read the reports before and have never read them since. Then the old field at St. Joseph was harrowed over with the *Herald*, and now all the old editorial qualities are displayed in the Hiawatha *World*. There is no neater workman than Web. Wilder; there is an absolute absence of slovenliness. In all his notes there are none counterfeit and none ragged. Probably the work done in gaining the gold medals has something to do with it; but more than that, the impress of the powerful mind of Theodore Parker, Wilder's first and last pastor. In the matter of what has been written in books, Mr. Wilder is the State oracle. All the other newspaper men ask him to kindly find the page and verse, and no son of Kansas has loved his State with a more chivalrous devotion.

As Leavenworth was the starting-point of the first weekly paper in Kansas, so it was the birthplace of the first permanent daily, the Leavenworth *Times*. The limits allotted to an article like this might be exceeded in recounting the vicissitudes of morning journalism in Leavenworth; there have been papers and papers, but the ever-present newspaper fact has been the Leavenworth *Times*, and for many a year the *Times* has been Col. D. R. Anthony and Col. D. R. Anthony has been

the *Times*. Unlike Thacher, Wilder, and others, Col. Anthony was not educated for nor bred to the profession, but started his first newpaper, the Leavenworth *Conservative*, as has been said, with the chivalrous intention of making a place for Web. Wilder, who he thought had received hard measure and unjust treatment at St. Joseph. Col. Anthony assumed the ownership, publishership and editorship of the Leavenworth *Times* in 1871, the paper resuming, after years, the name it started with in 1858. Col. D. R. Anthony has been the Cæsar of Leavenworth morning journalism, and his motto has been *Times aut nullus*. He has captured and taken into camp any given number of opposition morning papers, and now not only "rules the roost," but occupies it alone. Col. Anthony is no "slave of the lamp;" he has never written a regularly organized "leader" in his life. He is an intensely active citizen of Leavenworth, who literally runs—not walks—a newspaper. He writes when he has something to say, and for the rest employs assistants; but these so perfectly reflect his ideas and modes of expression, that the *Times* is one of the few Kansas papers that know no difference in their general tone, whether the "head" is at home or abroad. And here it may be said, that in Kansas newspaper offices, as a rule, the distinctions of editor-in-chief, managing editor, city editor, dramatic editor, and so on, have not come into vogue; all hands may be classified as "general utility." It is not many years since daily papers of considerable circulation and influence were run by two men, and an evening paper

has been known to get along for months with one. The exact subdivision of labor known further east has yet to be introduced. To return to Col. Anthony, he pervades all the pages, and every line of his paper. It is Anthony all over. It is needless to say, that energy such as his has met its reward. The *Times* is a valuable newspaper property, and its voice is potent. Like the war-horse in Job, the *Times* hears the sound of the battle afar off, and usually meets the battle itself halfway, yet it seems to grow a little stronger with each fight. It stands by itself among Kansas newspapers in its singular personal character. It is the voice of one man, and that man of rare force, courage, pertinacity, and enterprise.

Probably no two editors in Kansas present a more marked contrast in personal appearance and in character than D. R. Anthony and John A. Martin, of the Atchison *Champion*. Both men cast in their lot in Kansas at the same time, both ardently espoused the Free-State cause, both entered the army and rose to be field officers, both have adhered without "variableness or shadow of turning" to the same political doctrines; both have given themselves to Kansas with that ultra devotion which used to be characteristic of South Carolinians in regard to their State, and yet have arrived at similar ends by entirely different processes of thought and action. Singularly, too, the fiery Anthony is descended from a family of Quakers, while the quiet and conservative Martin has in his veins the unmixed blood of the pugnacious and hard-headed Scotch-Irish, who

were the pioneers of western Pennsylvania. Col. Martin was one of the company of young men heretofore spoken of, who began to make their mark in Kansas affairs in 1857. He came, a boy, from the staid old town of Brownsville, Pennsylvania, a practical printer, and during its brief existence he labored on Redpath's *Crusader;* then he came into possession of the *Squatter Sovereign*, a pro-slavery gun which had been captured and turned on its former supports, and which, after a few changes of name, became the *Champion,* and claims to be the Kansas paper which has existed longest under the same name and management. In all the years since 1858 the Atchison *Champion* has received the daily attention of its present editor, save during his four years of service in the army, and has been characterized by the great quality of steadfastness. It has steered by three stars: the prosperity of the city of Atchison, the glorification of the State of Kansas, and the maintenance absolute of the organization and discipline of the Republican party. Atchison, Kansas, Republicanism — these form the *Champion's* trinity. For twenty-five years this Apostles' Creed has been repeated. The utterance has been calm, steady, uniform, even solemn. The *Champion* has never recognized a personal enemy; the existence of such a person has been ignored. Every shot in the locker has been used to bombard in a steady and uninterrupted fire, those who presumed to vilify, not the *Champion,* but Atchison; to call Kansas "too dry," or propose "foreign levy or domestic quarrel" to the injury of the Republican party. The *Champion*

has justly acquired a reputation for absolute sincerity and solidity. It has made no "wild breaks," but has kept on its steady way, and its editor has grown with the growth of the three objects nearest his heart—his city, his State, and his party. He has been honored by all three, but those who know the fiber of the man's nature do not doubt but he would have stood firmly in the ranks had he never been called to the front for promotion or preferment.

The veteran of the Kansas weekly press is Sol. Miller, of the Troy *Chief*, started in 1857, in the same county as the White Cloud *Chief*. Mr. Miller came to the flourishing Missouri river port of White Cloud, a young man from Ohio, bringing his printing-office with him. While his name is known to every Kansan, few men have taken the Kansas public less into their confidence as regards matters of personal history. None of the numerous works devoted to Kansas biography have contained even a roughly-drawn sketch of Sol. Miller. This much may be inferred: That he went to school when spelling was taught in the thoroughly old-fashioned manner, and that he spelled everybody down; that he "served his time" in the days when an apprenticeship to the printing business meant three to five years without an idle moment; and further, that he was brought up in a country entirely American, where traditions of the war of 1812 and tales of the atrocities of the allied British and Indians were still told by the evening fire. Sol. Miller is an American in every fiber and every bone. He fills his first page with stories of

American valor in ancient and modern days. His selections of poetry are all from the good old American authors, and he excels Allibone himself in his knowledge of all the American writers of prose and poetry. He is a recognized authority. Given any old song, and Sol. Miller can recall the name of the singer, no matter how long ago he ceased to sing. He observes all the Revolutionary anniversaries, and furnishes, as the day returns, a great store of appropriate "reprint." He is full of country lore; knows all the signs of an approaching hard winter, including the "goose bone," and never fails to note the coming of "ground-hog day." The teachings of the old-time printer who first "taught him the boxes," still remain. The Troy *Chief*, with its wide columns, its clean face, and its marvelous correctness, is a newspaper among a thousand. Very savage, yet funny withal, are the columns of the *Chief*. The victim swears, yet the unfeeling public is prone to laugh at the sudden and overwhelming nature of the catastrophe. Few men are so seldom seen abroad. Editorial conventions and excursions and merry-makings delight him not. The object of his existence is to get the *Chief* out on time. In his office at Troy, with his sleeves rolled up, and surrounded by such stacks and piles of newspapers and such boxes, drawers and barrels of clippings as grace no other printing-office in this Western country, may be found old Sol. Miller; queer, bright, quaint, original, a man of old-world virtues, yet keeping his eyes on the moving hands of Time's dial.

Mention was made earlier in this sketch of an emigrant of 1857, from Xenia, Ohio—Preston B. Plumb. This gentleman was one of the pioneers of what may be called interior journalism in Kansas. Newspaper men till this time had not wandered far from the border, but he "marched into the bowels of the land" to the new town of Emporia, and started a newspaper whereof he was editor-in-chief, with the accomplished Richard J. Hinton as associate, and an Ohio youth, Jacob Stotler, as foreman. Mr. Plumb, however, found other paths leading more directly to fortune than journalism. He took to law, land trades, banking, with an occasional dash into politics, and is at the present time the junior United States Senator from Kansas.

There remains of the group of young men of 1857 I started out to notice, but General Brindle's whilom red-headed apprentice, George W. Martin. He came later to the front than the others, in his own proper person, as editor of the Junction City *Union*. In this gentleman the fighting and Presbyterian blood of imported Ulster runs with quicker flow than in the veins of the other Western-Pennsylvania Martin. The reflection of the editor's head casts its radiance all over the columns of the *Union*. Like Miller, an elegant printer, as publisher of the *Union* Martin has always kept his paper in the group of half a dozen very handsome weeklies in Kansas, which may be styled the belles of the newspaper ball. The same cultivated taste for the typography characterized Martin's unprecedentedly long service as State Printer. The dingy old "pub. docs."

of the Eastern States were as tattered rags beside a silk gown, when compared with the books which came from the State printing-house in Martin's time. He it was who (outside of these) published Wilder's "Annals of Kansas," the handsomest, most useful and worst-paying book ever printed in this Western country. The Junction City *Union* has the same identity with its editor possessed by the Leavenworth *Times*. Anybody picking it up and reading an article on some one of the prevalent frauds—for which Martin has invented the name of "hoodoos"—can hear the sharp, jerky voice of the writer directly behind him as he reads. The editor of the *Union* is always outspoken to the verge of audacity, yet, perhaps because the people admire the *fortiter in re* rather than the *suaviter in modo*, or because the stars have said that old Blair county is bound to win, few men in Kansas have been more successful in their ambitions than George W. Martin.

Some years ago, some low-spirited Kansas editor uttered a lament over the insufficient rewards of journalistic labor in this State; but taking this little group of toilers at the newspaper oar, they seem to have labored to some purpose in the way of attaining honors, if not fortune. Taking them in their order, Thacher is at present State Printer; Wilder has been Surveyor-General of Kansas and Nebraska, and two terms Auditor of State; Anthony has filled high positions, civil and military; John A. Martin commanded a fine regiment during the war, has been Mayor and Postmaster of his town, member from Kansas of every National Republi-

can convention, and is at present Secretary of the National Republican Committee; Plumb, the founder of the Emporia *News*, is in the United States Senate; Stotler has filled various official positions, State and Federal; George Martin served as State Printer four terms, and has held office almost continuously since he came to man's estate. Sol. Miller alone has been distinguished from the others in the matter of this sort of recognition, although he has reluctantly left the *Chief* office several times to represent his county in one branch or other of the Legislature.

Some of the old-timers have not been so fortunate—John Speer, who brought printed sheets from Medina, Ohio, to start the first newspaper at Lawrence, and Prouty, big in heart and waistband, whose *Freemen's Champion* was among the first Both have had various vicissitudes, but have never entirely given up the newspaper ship, and are always considered shipmates.

In most new States, dominant journalism usually begins and continues at the State capital, but Topeka lagged somewhat in this respect, regularly issued daily newspapers at the capital not dating farther back than 1868. Prior to this a respectable, though not especially brilliant weekly press had been maintained, the pioneers in the business being the brothers Ross from Wisconsin. One of the brothers later became a United States Senator.

With the beginning of daily journalism in Topeka came to Kansas one of the second generation of Kansas journalists, taking the men of 1857 as the first—

Henry King, now of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.* The other editors whose names have been mentioned in this sketch came into the profession from college, or from business life, or from the composing-room, but Henry King belongs to a new school who are newspaper writers from the beginning. If he did not "lisp in numbers," he editorialized in petticoats. His first essays in writing were like those of Benjamin West in painting. Though not classically educated like Wilder, Thacher, and others, he has carried the art or science of word-handling to a higher pitch than any other Kansas writer in any field. No word-mason among us has polished and fitted each stone in his structure as he.

To write with some is recreation, with many a business, with others the effect of occasional inspiration, but with him it is an art, like music, or painting, or acting. His thoughtful devotion to form does not run into pedantry or finical work-picking, but is the result of the man's constitutional nicety and daintiness of mind, which betrays itself even in the clear, legible and peculiar handwriting in manuscript which knows no "outs," "doublets," blots, or interlineations. He alone, singular as it may seem, of all the bright company of writers in active service in Kansas, has developed the patience and polish of a magazinist, and has gained for the State a hearing in the *Century* and other leading monthlies. His work in this line has been pictures of Kansas life and scenery, small as to canvas, but careful in drawing and striking in coloring. The fault of these, if a gentle criticism may be allowed, is a certain sombreness, which

comes from the writer's rather reserved and solitary ways of life, and an aversion to the hustle and hurly-burly of the crowd. But, for his own work and for his example, which has taught young writers that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, he has deserved well of Kansas. His newspaper work in Kansas has been done on the old *Kansas State Record*, now dead; on the *Commonwealth*, and last on the *Capital*. He was also the editor during the first brilliant year of its existence, of the *Kansas Magazine*, now a bright memory in Kansas.

A notice of journalism in Topeka would be incomplete without a few words concerning F. P. Baker, of the *Commonwealth*, the "Father Baker," of the Kansas newspapers; the best abused and most sought after of all the fraternity; the oftenest aggravated and most uniformly cheerful of Kansas newspaper men. Every young cub, just starting in the "withering" line of business, shies his brickbat at "Old Baker," and as soon as said cub goes to Topeka for the first time he hastens to see the placid and white-haired object of his assault, to be furnished with theater tickets and other luxuries of the season. Malice is not in the old man's heart, and when, as president of the State Editorial Association, he starts his quill-driving flock on an excursion, he treats with equal parental kindness the good, bad and indifferent, the grateful and responsive, the evil and the unthankful. A great store of shrewdness is concealed in that queer white head and kindness in that often misunderstood heart. Without making any pretensions

as a writer, he expresses his views only on subjects in which he feels an interest, being incapable of the so-many-columns-a-day business; and when it is done the effect reminds one of a log "jam;" it may look rough, but it is strong and cannot be altered, revised, or made over. Like several other Kansans, he has tried his hand at writing letters from Europe, and while no publisher will ever bring out these "Tales of a Traveler" in blue backs and gilt edges, it is safe to say that they contain more facts than forty of the average tourists get hold of. Mr. Baker has made the *Commonwealth* a valuable newspaper property; and has been aided in this work by his sons, Mr. N. R. Baker, as business manager, and Clifford C. Baker, as associate editor, more especially in charge of the city department.

Probably none of the publishers who have tried to build up newspapers at Topeka have yet attained to their ideal of a "State paper," though heaven knows that money enough has been sunk in the experiment; yet it is probable that the *Commonwealth* and *Capital* foreshadow what is to be for many years to come. The morning papers of Topeka have always kept ahead of their city in the matter of growth, and fully kept pace with the State.

The evening press of Kansas just now is getting firmly on its feet, and is beginning to be seen, heard, and felt. Of the evening journalists of Kansas, the file-leaders at present are Edgar W. Howe, of the Atchison *Globe*, and Alex. Butts, of the Emporia *News*. Mr. Howe for a long time, while not exactly hiding his

light under a bushel, limited his illumination to the personal and local affairs of a little city, thus dwarfing for a time his really great powers. But of late he has given the world a "touch of his quality" in his "Story of a Country Town;" full of rather sad philosophy, yet keen and powerful in its description and analysis of human character, and perfectly novel in its scene. This book is acknowledged to be the first produced in Kansas which possesses more than a local or provincial interest, and which can be read with equal pleasure and profit on the banks of the Missouri and the Ganges.

The Salt Lake *Tribune*, the leading Gentile paper in Utah, was started by Prescott, Lockley and others—Leavenworth men. New-Mexican journalism was sired by imported Kansas, and on the Coast, the good Hugh Burke, Somers, Creighton and others, who drew their first newspaper breath in Kansas, have labored long and well. Of course Missouri has often borrowed from her next-door neighbor; Hume, of Leavenworth, went years ago to St. Louis, and Henry King and John Coulter migrated thitherward of late; and so they go, both east and west, but as the descendants of the Aztecs look for the return of Montezuma, so we who remain look for the returning of all who have gone away. No Kansan, such is the Kansan's belief, ever forswears his allegiance to his State. All things considered, what may be called the newspaper population has been permanent—this has been shown in the brief sketch here given of the men of '57; and so we believe that some day, as the State grows strong and rich, and more mind-

ful of the deserts of her literary sons, "Kicking Bird" will permanently perch in some Kansas tree, and the Burkes, and Skiff, and King, and Coulter, and Burlingame, and more, who though not forgotten cannot be named here, will put their hands to the plow again in once familiar fields.

Among the men mentioned in the foregoing sketch—written in 1883—there have been some changes of fortune, mostly for the better. The lines of T. Dwight Thacher have fallen in pleasant places. He has served the State as its Printer, and now lives, a prosperous gentleman, at Topeka. D. W. Wilder is the present Superintendent of Insurance. Col. D. R. Anthony, after a brief attempt at repose, is at this writing, July 1889, back again on the *Times*, with his lance in rest. Col. John A. Martin, after serving two terms as Governor of Kansas, has resumed the editorial chair of the Atchison *Champion*. George W. Martin, after holding the fort at the junction of the Republican and Smoky Hill for nearly thirty years, has taken post at the meeting-place of the Kansas and Missouri, and raises a great smoke with his Kansas City, Kansas, *Gazette*. Sol. Miller, changeless amid change, still brings out the Troy *Chief*, as regularly as the sun doth his successive journeys run.

Of the others mentioned, "Father" Baker prefers to run one side of a hundred or so papers, rather than both sides of any one paper, and has sold the *Commonwealth* and devotes himself to "patents." His son,

Clifford C., is serving his second term as State Printer. Henry King has apparently become a fixture on the *Globe-Democrat.* The Murdocks, mentioned among the early-comers, are still with us; "Marsh." has risen into what Alf. Burnett was accustomed to call the "blue empirium," on the back of the prosperous Wichita *Eagle;* and "Bent." has retained the affection of Kansans amid successes and misfortunes. Ed. Howe still watches the revolutions of the *Globe,* and Alex. Butts shines with the Kansas City *Star.* Reynolds has just begun to lay the foundations of journalism in Oklahoma. Stotler mans the "bulwark of freedom" at Wellington. Others, mentioned as having gone out from among us, Coulter, the Burkes, and the rest, have not returned; they have been too prosperous elsewhere.

Of the "ancients," Gen. Brindle lives in Pennsylvania, and is still a Democrat. Of the old-time "Kansas correspondents," Col. William A. Phillips, still a Kansan, is almost the only survivor. Kalloch died last year in Washington Territory, perhaps "babbling o' the green fields" of Kansas; and later, Salmon S. Prouty, died amid those fields, which he saw first almost untouched by the hand of man, and which he loved to the end.

JIM LANE.*

THE announcement may affect old Kansans like hearing an American say that he never heard of George Washington, but the writer hereof never saw Jim Lane. He was dead and buried long years before the undersigned ever saw Kansas as a resident.

While in the confession business, the "author" must still further humiliate himself by saying that until he came to Kansas he had never heard much of Jim Lane, although he took a burning interest as a boy in all that related to the Kansas struggle, or, more properly, the Missouri-Kansas struggle—for it takes two to make a struggle.

This fact is significant as showing how utterly "Kansan" Lane was. He went about much; he died a Senator of the United States. He had achieved some fame, or notoriety, call it what you will, before he came to Kansas, but after all he was "Jim Lane of Kansas." He was, in the phrase invented by Web. Wilder, and which comes in mighty handy, "One of our things."

All knowledge, then, of the "subject of our sketch" is derived at "second hand," and is made up from the impressions of other people. These impressions have, it

* From the Atchison *Patriot*, January 29, 1888.

is but just to say, been diligently sought for. Lane, whatever else he may have been, was the most original, and so the most interesting human being who has figured in Kansas affairs; and he would be a dull Kansas newsgatherer who did not listen with interest to any reminiscences concerning him.

The main thing, however, to be observed in giving the result of these impressions to the public, is to maintain, without absolutely going to sleep, a severe impartiality. To go anywhere near the old Lane-Robinson fight, is like smoking a cigar in a powder magazine. A mild-mannered professor in the State University tried it not long ago, and was blown clear out of the State by the explosion. To change the simile, no flowers bloomed for that Spring. To disarm such criticism in advance, the writer may repeat that he never saw Lane, and that he has been the personal friend of Governor Robinson for eighteen years, and still regards him across the deep ditch of politics with sadness but affection.

Cords of printed matter have in the last quarter of a century been piled up about Lane, but it is for the most part dry reading. Stories about Lane, like the doubtful class of narratives known as "man stories," lose their point in print. He who would resurrect the "Grim Chieftain" from the books, newspapers and manuscripts of the State Historical Society, will fail. He will obtain nothing more satisfactory there than a dry and eyeless mummy. The only really graphic, moving sketch the writer has ever read of Jim Lane

appeared in one of the minor magazines—*Lippincott's*, perhaps—over the signature of "Jacob Stringfellow." It was given Kansas circulation in the Topeka *Daily State Record*, then under the accomplished editorship of Capt. Henry King, but which years ago ascended the tin tube around which the woodbine twines its graceful tendrils. Upon this sketch Hon. Sidney Clarke, a strong partisan of Lane's, drew extensively in the preparation of a lecture on Lane and his times, and yet it was not all complimentary to Lane, so it must have been substantially fair; at any rate it was bright. The authorship of this one brilliant piece of Lane literature has been variously attributed to John James Ingalls and Verres Nicholas Smith—divided, so to speak, between the most brilliant and the most beautiful of Kansans.

In bringing up before the mind's eye this certainly remarkable man, it is necessary to talk with those who in his day talked with him; who "hoorayed" for him, or against him. In a group of old Kansans the mention of Lane's name will always rouse the conversation, as a punch at the back-log starts an old-fashioned open fire. From scores of such talks the writer has derived his impressions. One of the first hearty laughs he remembers to have indulged in in Kansas, was at some of Col. Tom Moonlight's wonderful imitations of his former civil and military chief—after a fashion. He was also made a debtor in the same way to Mr. James C. Horton, once the "poor Yorick" who was wont to set Lawrence in a roar, but who instead of dying to have

his head-piece knocked about by some unmannerly sexton, and moralized over by some Hamlet, still lives, a sedate and prosperous business man of Kansas City.

Of Lane, biographically, there is no need to speak at length. The earlier story is summed up on page 440 of Wilder's Annals:

"James Henry Lane was the son of Amos Lane, and was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, June 22, 1814. In 1846 he became colonel of a regiment raised to engage in the Mexican war; in 1847 he became colonel of another Indiana regiment; in 1849 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor; in 1852 he was a Democratic Presidential Elector, and was elected to Congress; in April, 1855, he came to Kansas. In this State, in politics, he was King."

In 1854 he voted for the Kansas-Nebraska bill; in 1855 he came to be King of Abolition Kansas. There is a good deal of politics in that little paragraph.

The Lanes seem to have been a family of politicians. His father, Amos Lane, was a member of Congress in 1837, and before that had been a member of the Indiana Legislature, and Speaker. In the matter-of-fact pages of Lanman he is spoken of as a first-class lawyer, and as "filling a conspicuous place in the history of Indiana." Gen. Lane was accustomed to speak in public of his "good old Methodist mother." Possibly he may have derived the religion, which he possessed in an intermittent form, from her; it is probable that he received his political training from his father, who survived until 1850; but there is a tradition that politics in the Lane family did not end here.

Some years ago the writer met in Atchison a venerable lady with a memory of iron and a voice like a steamboat bell—most sonorous and melodious of bells—who gave him the story of the hard-cider campaign of 1840 in Indiana, of which she was a witness, from a Democratic standpoint. "In 1840," observed the old lady, with an air of conviction and in her most bell-like tones, "the Whigs nominated Gen. Harrison for President, and he was an old imbecile." She went on to say that the Whig managers endeavored to keep the old General in the background, for fear he would do something foolish, but that it was necessary that he should appear in public at a banquet. Here it was hoped he would keep quiet; but the "Lane girls," sisters of James H., got around the old man, filled him up with champagne, and got him to singing songs of love and war in the most ridiculous manner.

This was told for truth. If true, it shows that "blood tells." If not true, it is interesting as a specimen of the campaign lie of forty-eight years ago.

However the political faculty may have got into Lane, it got there.

What induced a man who had voted for the Nebraska bill to come to Kansas, of all the places in the world, to seek political preferment, has not been clearly explained. It is probable that no other man would have thought of it.

General Lane, as he seems to have been called at once, came to the Territory a Democrat, and his first figuring was done in a "National Democratic" move-

ment which was designed to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. A month later he was in the councils of the extremest of extreme Free-State men. He spoke with Charles Robinson at the funeral of Barber, commemorated in pathetic verse by Whittier, and thenceforward was General Lane of Kansas.

It is of course possible to conceive of an Indiana Democrat becoming a Free-State man and a Republican in Kansas, but the wonderful thing is that a Southern Indianian should have become a leader of the Kansas Free-State movement at all.

Southern Indiana in those days was very far south. One had only to look across the river to see slavery. In fact, there was a story that Lane was actually born on slave territory, in Kentucky. The natural supposition, looking at the situation from this distance, would be that the New-Englanders would have entirely controlled the Free-State organization. Yet, here was this born-pro-slavery Hoosier running what was naturally a Yankee party. He had no single feature that could endear him to the Massachusetts heart, and he had no "idees" in common with Hosea Biglow's countrymen; but here he was, between spring and summer, working in the lead. He had no New England habits or reverences. In business habits he was "shiftless," in language coarse and uncouth, and he had no culture. It is the boast of Manhattan that one of the first parties to locate on the town-site was composed of five graduates from five different colleges. Jim Lane could never have located had only alumni been eligible. It is considered

one of his best jokes that he succeeded in getting a school named in his honor, "Lane University." "Jacob Stringfellow," whose sketch I have cited, says Lane came to Kansas with the purpose of becoming a United States Senator. He "made it," and he did it all with his jaw, for silver and gold he had none. Not a day or an hour was he idle. From 1855 to 1861 he was everywhere. It was an era of conventions. No other country has ever held so many conventions or passed so many resolutions as did Kansas during her Territorial period. It was a cold day when Jim Lane did not address a convention and report a platform.

It is very easy to get lost in attempting to follow him through all this maze. The speeches are preserved in the old newspaper files, with the resolutions. But they tell very little of the man. What about him?

He looked like nobody else. His picture in the State Historical Society's collection does not look like any of the others there. His hair stands out in every direction, like the "scare wigs" that the nigger minstrels use. The mouth suggests imprecations and nicotine, the eyes anything you like. There is a suggestion of recklessness about the visage. Compare it with the trim bust of Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, if you want to see something startling in the way of contrast.

He talked like none of the rest. None of the others had that husky, rasping, blood-curdling whisper, or that menacing forefinger, or could shriek "Great God!" on the same day with him. Nobody save him purposely mispronounced well-known names and talked about the

"Topeko constitution" and the "Lavingsworth constitution."

Those who have read Dr. Bird's Indian story of "Nick of the Woods" will remember the "Jibbenainosay" and Roaring Ralph Stackpole. Jim Lane seemed a combination of the two. Like the "Jibbenainosay," he was always on the move. His calfskin vest was liable to appear in any part of the wilderness. He was as active and tireless as the wind. In the course of five years every man, woman and child in the Territory saw and heard him. The "Jibbenainosay," the Quaker turned avenger, did not pursue the Shawnees more remorselessly than did Lane his political foes. Let some village lawyer set up the standard of opposition or revolt, and in an hour he thought not, a box was set up in front of his office and thereon stood "Old Jim" pouring out upon him to the delectation of a crowd of Kansas sovereigns a flood of gall, describing him as a compound of fool and malefactor, coward and slave, and inventing biography by the yard. And the crowning misery was that at the end of half an hour everybody seemed to believe it. The crowd was always there. The bare announcement that he was to speak called the aged from the chimney-corner and the children from their play.

His reign was not undisputed. The opposition broke out here one day and there the next. It looked easy to "down him," but the "old settlers" laugh to this day at the discomfiture of the plots. A gentleman high in the councils of the State in his retrospective moments is

accustomed to tell of a missionary of sedition who labored for an hour with the ugliest man in the Border Tier, and a fearful stammerer beside, unfolding a dark chapter of Lane's infidelities and immoralities, at the end of which the ugly man, with a grin that intensified the horrors of his countenance, announced that he should vote for Lane, because he was himself, locally, the chief of sinners in the same direction.

Was he an orator? Was it eloquence that made him, as Wilder says, "King"? There is on record an opinion written by a young man named Ingalls, who in the year 1862 wrote letters from Topeka to the Leavenworth *Conservative*. This young man, it may be remarked, has since had considerable experience in public speaking himself; and in one of his letters he thus described Lane:

"His voice is a series of transitions from the broken scream of a maniac to the hoarse, rasping gutturals of a Dutch butcher in the last gasp of inebriation; the construction of his sentences is loose and disjointed; his diction is a pudding of slang, profanity and solecism; and yet the electric shock of his extraordinary eloquence thrills like the blast of a trumpet; the magnetism of his manner, the fire of his glance, the studied earnestness of his utterances, finds a sudden response in the will of his audience, and he sways them like a field of reeds shaken by the wind."

One sunny day, some years ago, Judge Samuel A. Kingman, sitting on a broken-backed chair in a Topeka grocery store smoking his faithful pipe, indulged in some remarks on the subject of oratory and orators.

He gave Kentucky traditions of the wonderful Tom Marshall; his own recollections of Henry Clay, as well as the never-printed remembrances of Henry Clay's neighbors; his own first and last hearing, in a little Kentucky town, of Sergeant S. Prentiss, and he did not hesitate to class Lane with these as "a great natural orator." "By a great natural orator," remarked the Judge, by way of definition, "I mean a man who can stand up before a crowd of five hundred men, two hundred and fifty of whom are ready to hang him to the next tree, and at the end of half an hour have them all cheering for him."

This, it will be remembered, was said of a man who really did not know who Pericles was.

How was it done? A word in Ingalls's sketch here quoted seems to furnish the key. It was "magnetism."

The late Col. Stephen A. Cobb was wont to relate an incident which came under his own observation. After Lane had killed, in a claim fight, his Free-State neighbor, Gaius Jenkins, the sky grew black for a time. In the worst of it, Lane went to Wyandotte to make a speech. Jenkins had once lived there, and the town was filled with his friends. It was with difficulty that Lane could find a man to preside at his meeting. Col. Cobb himself consented to act as secretary. The hour came and the room was crowded. The scene was something frightful. Lane rose to speak, and the crowd yelled, "Murderer!" Not a syllable could be heard. Lane stood and waved his hand for ten minutes, fifteen — nobody knew how long, and the crowd grew still, and

was kept still nobody knew how. He held them. In the midst of the uproar a Wyandotte Indian named Greyeyes had gone out of the hall, presumably to get a drink. He returned after the uproar had ceased, but his muddled mind did not take in the situation. He staggered up the hall and muttered some opprobrious epithet. Lane looked about, pointed his long finger at the offender, and said in a voice of command: "Put that Indian out!" And out he went. That was magnetism — if there is any such force.

It was about this time that Lane also visited Topeka. According to local tradition the town was in high state of virtuous indignation. There was a lofty resolve not to countenance the supposed-to-be fallen chief. He might speak, but they would not listen. Yet when the "speaking" began the entire population was present, as usual. And this, according to a living witness and listener, is what he said:

"I have heard these charges against me, and I am here to answer them. I will take them up one by one. They say that Jim Lane is a murderer! What are the facts? When the noble women of Lawrence were endeavoring to establish a public library, what did Jim Lane do? He took his old clay-bank horse out of the field, where he was plowing to raise a little corn for his family, and sold that horse for $37.50 and gave the money to those noble women to help them establish that library; and yet, great God, they say Jim Lane is a murderer!!!"

In this report, Archie Williams is probably as correct as was Dr. Johnson in his report of William Pitt's remarks concerning "the atrocious crime of being a

young man." At any rate, whatever Lane said was no more to the purpose, and yet the effect was electrical.

On the 4th day of April, 1861, Lane was chosen, after what may be called an agonizing campaign, and a ballot which consumed two hours, a Senator of the United States from the State of Kansas, receiving fifty-five votes. Then came the war, and Lane left his place in the Senate and announced that he had been commissioned a brigadier general. And the Kansas brigade marched and "countermarched," and fortified, and fought, and burned for months, and then Brigadier General Lane was announced as Major General Lane, about to take command of an army to march to the Gulf of Mexico, and then there was a conflict with old Gen. Hunter, and Gen. Lane announced that it was his "sad and simple duty"—those were his words—to return to the United States Senate, to which the Governor had appointed a successor, who, however, did not succeed. Lane had commanded an army, and was announced as a commander of another, yet his name is not borne on the rolls among the officers commissioned from Kansas by the President of the United States. Nothing like that ever happened before.

After all this, after revolt following revolt against him, he was chosen in January, 1865, United States Senator, receiving 82 votes, with seven votes for his leading competitor. He was still "King."

This last victory was in 1865. One year later he came from Washington to Lawrence to make a speech in favor of Andrew Johnson. He spoke at Leaven-

worth and at Topeka, and there was a sort of indorsement. It was but a wave. In the spring the overwhelming opposing tide came in. Town after town, the old strongholds, shut their gates against him. Meetings called to indorse him broke away and condemned him. He still held out, and in April spoke for Johnson in the Senate; but "Birnam Wood" kept marching on and the "Thanes" fled from him. In June he procured leave of absence and came back to Kansas. He appeared in Lawrence, to be received in silence and coldness. A few days later he was in Leavenworth on his way east. On the 25th of June he was reported in St. Louis seriously ill; on the 28th he was back in Kansas City; the next day he was back in Leavenworth, and stopping with his brother-in-law, Mr. McCall, at the Government farm. On the 1st of July, it being Sunday evening, he was riding out with Mr. McCall. He left the carriage several times. On arriving at a gate Mr. McCall got out to open it. Lane sprang from the carriage, said "Good-bye, Mac.," placed the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth and fired. He sprang into the air and fell back insensible. The ball had passed directly through his brain.

Why did he do it? Some said there was a suicidal mania in his brain — that he had a brother who, literally, in the Old-Testament language, "fell upon his sword and so died;" others said that he feared disgrace growing out of certain transactions, but such as never killed any other public man of his day. Is it possible his iron heart was broken?

With this wound, which would have been instantly fatal to any other man, he lived on; five days after, he recognized those about him and spoke to them.

On the eleventh of July, at the hour of noon, ten days having passed, the scheming brain worked and suffered no more; there was an end of plots and plans; a last farewell to all that men strive for to find ruin in the gaining.

The "King" was dead.

THE HOUSE OF BOURBON.*

HENRY IV, the Bearnese, first of kingly Bourbons, riding in peace into the camp of the Catholics, hitherto his enemies, was hailed, "King of the brave," and so to the end of his days, as far as any bodily peril, in camp or field, in charge or siege, by spear, or battle-axe, or cross-bow, he remained. On his moral side most weak, slave of his passions, crying even in graying age for the possession of some female favorite, like a baby for a toy, he yet loved France and Frenchmen, and was a king among kings, and a man among men. Born amid mountains and reared in rude simplicity, rocked in the cradle of war, he grew hardy but not hardened. He retained in his mouth to the last the taste of the garlic and mountain wine that his grandfather forced into it when he was not an hour old, in order that the boy might grow up bold and gay. Born Huguenot, he changed openly and in the face of day his religion, beseeching his new spiritual guides to make the new faith fit as loosely as possible. This he did for the peace of France, and in doing so drew on himself the anger and grief of the Huguenots of the old rock, and, because he would not change into a savage

*An address delivered before the literary societies of the Kansas State University, June 6, 1887.

bigot, the wrath of fanatics of the old religion, who sharpened the knife of Ravillac. Henry IV believed in a God who took intimate and personal cognizance of the political affairs of France and Navarre, and to Him he addressed himself before the battle of Ivry, saying: "If it be for the people's good that I keep the crown, favor Thou my cause." For the rest, he believed God would be lenient with the faults of men, especially of royal men, and so he was of earth earthy, and lived for this world; so that his friend, Bassompierre, hearing him one day speak of dying, said in the impatience of his soul: "My God, will you never cease vexing us by telling us that you will soon die; you who are loved and adored by your subjects, with fine houses, fine women, and fine children who are growing up." Yet, die he did. Last of the merry-hearted and brave and affectionate of his race, a great sinner, too, yet because he left one wish behind him, his memory has been saved in honor. "I wish every poor man in France," said he, "had a chicken in his pot." For that his statue stands much respected on the Pont Neuf, unharmed by all the revolutions that have crossed that bridge. First of Bourbons, but without a Bourbon face or soul, why were you not the last?

Louis XIII, son, not of his father, but of his mother, save that he would fight on occasion, melancholy but stubborn, resolute but yielding, hated his mother and disbelieved his wife, and fell into the hands of John Armand du Plessis, Cardinal Richelieu, who walked, when a young lion, softly in the sands of policy and

seeming meekness, but when older grown crushed with his iron paw noble and simple, Catholic and Huguenot, "irreverent ribald" and true believer. In the craft and force of this man, who was no Bourbon, the second prince of the house of Bourbon lived, moved, and had his being, and when the cardinal died the king died; when the sheltering hand of Richelieu was removed the life of Louis XIII went out like a candle.

Louis XIV, sometimes called the Great, fell in childhood into the hands of another priest, Cardinal Mazarin, not so great as the other, but one of the sort who wait and watch and gather in. "Time is an able fellow," said the Cardinal. He, waiting and watching, and gathering and circumventing, kept the round world together till Louis XIV was ready to take it. The cardinal, in that distant age, had arrived at a conclusion recently reached by Col. Ochiltree, the bon homme Thomas, of Texas: "The more I get acquainted with men the more I think of dogs." Cardinal Mazarin was a believer in the historical theory so wordily maintained by Mr. Froude and Mr. Carlyle, that what men need is a vigorous, all-round tyrant. Being about to depart on a journey full of uncertainty, Cardinal Mazarin sought to secure this boon for France, and so told his young charge to trust no man and be his own Prime Minister. And Louis XIV then began a career that spread like a fog before and behind him. He was the first and the last; the beginning, the middle, and the end; the argument and summary and conclusion of Bourbonism, that is of the French Bourbons. His actual length in his

coffin was five feet eight; his statue looks six feet; in life he was ten. He was a regularly installed god. Herod was eaten of worms for less pretensions. Men lived in his smile and perished in his frown; the sun was eclipsed when he turned his back, and it was heaven to hand him his nightgown, and a boon like eternal life to hold the candle when he got into bed. He said, "I am the State," and nobody in France ventured to dispute it. He frowned, sulked, uplifted and degraded, and was king all around regardless of expense; made war on everybody and oppressed everybody, forced the legitimation of his wretched natural children, and dismissed his faithful wife from this world with the observation that her death was the first of her acts to cause him trouble; and at forty years of age he surrendered his imperial nose to the cold grasp of the thumb and finger of Madame de Maintenon, who led him the rest of the way. He impoverished France, built palaces for harlots, starved a million of his subjects, and drove at the least calculation 250,000 into exile by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Having outlived his old generals, he saw his younger ones beaten on all sides, and coming to die was deserted by the half-devotee, half-hypocrite, and wholly selfish and implacable woman he had made his wife, and heard with his old dying ears the retreating footsteps of those who were rushing out to take a look at the rising sun. Thus perished the first and last Bourbon opposite whose name even the basest flatterer has dared to write "Great."

With Louis XV, the house ceased to be counted re-

spectable. Bad became worse. More ecclesiastics came, but not Richelieu, not Mazarin, Fleury, and Dubois. St. Simon said of the latter: "All vices struggle within him for the mastery. Avarice, debauchery, ambition were his gods; perfidy, flattery, slavishness his instruments," and, here is the finishing touch, "unbelief his comfort." The time of Louis XV was with most civilized nations a period of awakening and growth. It was the period when the British colonies, destined to become the United States of America, were rising into notice. With France it was an age of loss and disgrace. Fouler grew the court, lower sank the king, till one day a strange sight was seen. Quite different was it from those resplendent royal progresses which his late majesty Louis XIV was accustomed to make. This was the last progress of his later majesty, King Louis XV, in a hearse, driven at full speed and followed by two carriages. The progress, though unpretentious, was not unnoticed; the people stopped in their ways to curse the cavalcade as it passed. The dark-browed Fate had cut the brittle, rotten thread of another Bourbon life.

Then came the poor source of a long controversy, yet in progress; the dull subject of a brilliant argument; the amiable excuse for frightful cruelties, King Louis XVI, who, because he had neither the courage to fight nor the wit to fly, was devoured by red-capped devils.

It all came about, this catastrophe, from the old affair of the chicken and the pot, meditated upon by his majesty Henry IV, and overlooked by his Bourbon inheritors. It was the failure of the fowl, the receptacle

and the poor man to connect that precipitated the revolution. True, the philosophers had discussed in salons and in summer arbors the natural rights of man, and had quoted some emphatic declarations on the subject written by Mr. Thomas Jefferson, at one time minister of the United States at the court of Louis XVI; but the hungry people hustled the philosopher aside in a rush, not merely for natural rights, but for "bread" for which they called out in connection with "blood." A fine lady suggested if the people were starving they might eat plain roast chicken. The chicken suggestion came up again. Alas! Madame, that was the trouble. Bourbonism has never met the chicken or any other question, either boiled, or roasted, or stewed, or fried, or in any other shape or manner whatsoever.

Well, after poor Louis, there came others, like the shifting shadows of a magic lantern. There was a dull Louis XVIII, of whom little is remembered personally, although Europe was trodden into a mire of blood that a crown might be placed on his fat thick head; and there was Charles X, who was overthrown by a revolution that lasted three days; and there was Louis Phillippe, a sort of side-track Bourbon, who got up a little excursion to England within our recollection; and there died not long ago an elderly gentleman, who never exercised even as much actual authority as Sancho Panza on his island of Barrataria, but who kept a white flag up garret, and whom a few deaf and semi-paralytic old gentlemen were accustomed to call on once a year and salute as Henry V; but now he is dead, and the House

of Bourbon has gone out of business and nailed up the windows, and the family jewels were put up at auction by the Republic of France only last week. The House of Bourbon began with Henry IV, a man and king; it ended with Henry V, the shadow of a shade.

French people, with many accomplishments, have one of saying a great deal in a few words. All the history of the Russian monarchy, from Peter the Great to Alexander III, is summed up in Talleyrand's description, "An absolute monarchy limited by assassination," and the limitation is still in force, and all of the history of the House of Bourbon has been covered by the saying, "Learning nothing and forgetting nothing." There was, too, a prophecy uttered once which has been accepted as a general and special explanation of Bourbon ill-luck. In the most splendid and wicked period of Louis XVth's reign, France was really ruled by a lady known as Madame the Countess of Pompadour, whose name is preserved to us in a fashion of dressing the hair. She was not born a Bourbon, but of a middle-class French family, her maiden name translated being Miss Fish. She, not being a Bourbon, was blessed with common-sense, and noting the waste, including the millions wasted on herself, said one day, "Apres nous le deluge," "After us the deluge." She went out of this world early, dying of heart disease, but she left behind this prophecy and key to Bourbonism, and it is but just to say for her, poor sinner, that she also left, as created to satisfy her artistic taste, the great porcelain manufacture at Sevres, which goes on like

Tennyson's "Brook," forever, without regard to the changes of government in France, and has furnished employment to a great many honest men and women.

"Learning nothing," referring to good things, and "forgetting nothing," referring to evil things, and when forced to the wall, and standing on the verge of the last ditch, and meeting the demand of Justice, when she stands with her uplifted sword, with the everlasting "Apres Nous"—"After Us," and you have the Old and New Testament, and the family record between, of Bourbonism. The history of the French House of Bourbon shows that it never advanced, but retrograded. Henry IV proclaimed the edict of Nantes; his grandson, Louis XIV, revoked it. Before Henry IV was the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but in Louis XVth's time, eight years before the birth of George Washington, the new law concerning Protestants said: "Preachers shall be condemned to the penalty of death; their accomplices to the galleys; women to be shaved and imprisoned. Persons who exhort the sick shall be sent to the galleys or imprisoned for life, according to sex, and to confiscation of goods." "I am the State," said Louis XIV, but in 1792 King Louis XVI was advised that "all legislative power is in the hands of the king." From Noah's flood to the verge of the deluge predicted by Madame Pompadour, nothing had been learned.

The House of Bourbon is no more, but there remains, not in France only, Bourbonism. The House of Bourbon exercised even in its decay and ruin, a strange spell. The great British nation, when that virtuous in-

dignation which it always keeps in stock, was roused by the extraordinary liberties taken by Napoleon Bonaparte with the map of Europe, could think of no remedy except turning Europe into a slaughter-house that the Bourbons might be restored to a people who had driven them off, and the powerful and original mind of Napoleon himself was overcome with the Bourbon idea. He, the son of a Corsican lawyer, starting in active life a sub-lieutenant of artillery, must needs try to be a monarch after the fashion of Louis le Grand, and call around him to teach him how to do it a lot of withered dames of the old régime who improved the proximity to fly-blow his reputation.

Bourbonism, the system, exercises the same spell as did the old dynasty. As in the old time, not the parting waters of the Red Sea, nor the admonition of the pillar of fire by night, nor the instruction of the cloud by day, nor myriad miracles, nor the quaking of Sinai itself, prevented Israel from groveling at the feet of a brass calf whose worship they had left Egypt to escape; so men have time and again returned to the worship of the House of Bourbon.

The pretensions on the part of Bourbonism which have led men to hold by that system, or even to return to it when well rid of it, are that it is necessary to the preservation of public order and of stable government. Fixedness is the perpetual trait of mountains and the occasional characteristic of mules; and there are people who do not seem to be able to perceive the difference. If a strong government is needed, Bourbonism

in its purity is what is wanted. The government of Louis XIV was a strong one. A government that could at once and by the issue of a single order drive 250,000 faithful subjects into exile, was undoubtedly strong; it would be hard to conceive of a stronger, unless it would be a government that could for twenty-one years prevent a single immigrant from landing on its shores. But it has been noticed that the strength which is always equal to the demands of persecution and prosecution and repression, is never equal to the task of elevation. Under the strong government of Louis XIV the fate of common Frenchmen was to perish in useless battle, eat grass by the roadside, die in the ditch, or be banished from home. The strength of Bourbonism is always the strength of an alligator that drags everything under. The romance of Bourbonism, too, has its charms. The great and good Mr. Burke, at the period of the French Revolution, could see nothing through his tears but the decline of chivalry; but the chivalry which Mr. Burke mourned was of the sort that branded the white shoulders of women with a red-hot iron *fleur de lis* on account of their religion, and made the peasant-women of France wooden-shod beasts of burden. Chivalry and Bourbonism — both frauds, how often, early and late, they have been associated. Then too, we are pointed to Bourbonism as the supporter of religion; and it is true that a great amount of anointing oil has run down its narrow and retreating forehead. But on inspection it will be found that it was the religion of Balaam — determined to go the wrong way re-

gardless of the protest of the angel that stood in the path, or of the beast of burden it bestrode. The religion of Bourbonism was, and always is, a Bourbon religion, that renders unto Cæsar all that is Cæsar's, and a great deal more, and to God what happens to be left. That was the religion of the courtier who remarked when the wickedest of Bourbons died that God would think twice before he would damn a man of his quality; it was the religion of the bishop, who walking in a garden with a lady had a servant walk behind with a rake to obliterate their tracks — one rake thus following another; it was the religion that filled France with sleek abbés, who were practically atheists. Better than this, any religion. Better than these ordained mockers of God, and high priests in the temple of corruption, and servers of an infamous altar, the wildest manifestations of what is called religious enthusiasm; better even the Salvation Army, everywhere spoken against for frightening horses. The crimes of Bourbonism have been laid at the door of the Roman Catholic Church by its enemies, and the authority of that church has been invoked by its friends. But that was the church of Fenelon and Massillon, saint of God; the church of Pascal and the good people of Port Royal, the church of millions who went to heaven and found there the greatest possible contrast with France. Others have accused Christianity as the essential principle of Bourbonism. That was the prevailing view in 1793, and is still of many Frenchmen. Such do not appear to remember that one form of faith, undoubtedly Christian, was at one time

the great barrier in the way of the flood of Bourbon rottenness. I speak of Calvinism, which made God so great that even Louis XIV looked small. The slightest review of the facts should convince that the religion which ministers to Bourbonism is no form of the Christian system. It is merely the Bourbon religion. There is no strength except that which oppresses; no stability except that of the infernal powers; no true chivalry, if there ever was such a thing; no faith embodying peace on earth and good-will toward man, in Bourbonism.

Probably the most clearly visible of all evil effects of the once universal reign of the House of Bourbon, is its influence in literature, especially in the department of history, where the doctrine is upheld that communities have, in days past, and even do now, need tyranny, and individual and "higher class" rule as a school. This is upheld in face of the fact that a school of this kind once maintained in Egypt, resulted in the children of Israel, to the number of a million or so, "playing hookey."

To many minds the declaration of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg in favor of a government of, by and for the people, seems a new and strange saying. That government, be it understood, is the direct opposite, and the farthest possible remove from Bourbonism. No tyrant, or advocate of tyranny, from Pharoah who would not let the children of Israel go, to the latest judge, who, in the miserable inconsistent days of our own country, found in the constitution new reasons for keeping man

a slave, was ever of the least practical use, except as an example to be avoided and detested.

The Bourbon notion is that the government makes the people. But the people have always, until absolutely imbruted by Bourbon rule, been better than their government. When Louis XV once seemed inclined to behave like a soldier and a gentleman, when he went to the army and camped with the troops, all France was in a transport of affection, and when he fell sick waited in anxiety the issue, and fairly kissed the horse of the messenger that brought the tidings of his recovery. The people were kinder, braver, better than the king, and so they always are. The people have always been more fit to rule themselves than any Bourbon has been fit to rule them. The poorest and rudest commune in France left to regulate its village affairs, was better governed than any Bourbon ever governed France. Even during the reign of terror, administrative reforms were introduced in France which the Bourbons, left to themselves, would not have compassed in a thousand years.

The history of the House of Bourbon in France, as we have given it, is the history of a failure. It is the hope of mankind that Bourbonism will everywhere fail. One of the causes that bring about its fall, is that it arrays against itself the intelligence, the wit, the humor, the poetry of the country. All the wit of France was arrayed in its burnished armor against the House of Bourbon, before its bloody fall. Voltaire said that he at one time intended to write a book which should

be a summary of human depravity, and that he wrote, "Once there was a tax-gatherer," and quit, and all bright France laughed at and applauded the sentiment. The satirist is seldom, the wit still more seldom, and the humorist never on the side of absolutism, of Bourbonism. Poets have been hired before now to sing its praises, but let the court minstrel clad in silken doublet sing ever so wisely, and some poet of the field, some cottage singer, taught by free bird and unfettered stream, warbles "A man's a man for a' that," and draws the world away.

Bourbonism thus assailed, because it is an outrage and an insult and an impertinence, being the self-constituted rule of the few for the benefit of the few over the many, always resorts as its first impulse to violence. A government based on force, and pursuing force as its first instinct, is a Bourbon government. In Bourbon regions it is a soldier at this corner, a gens d'arme at the next, and the space between filled with police and spies. It makes no difference whether the Bourbon wears a diadem or whether his hair "reads the answer in the stars" through the top of his hat, whether the emblem of his power is a lettre de cachet consigning the Protestant to the darkness of the Bastile, or whether it is a tar-bucket and a fence rail—the Bourbon idea is force, always force. The midnight messenger of the king, of the masked riders of the Ku-Klux, are alike the representatives of Bourbonism. A gentleman is he who rides a horse, a cavalier with a sword with which he may cut down a peasant for a look. He who has no horse, no

sword, who may not on occasion use force to support a rule of force, is not a gentleman, and has no part in the government. Yet strange as it may seem, this idea is maintained occasionally in a civilized country by civilized men. The contest in this world is between this brutal idea and the movement to make the cavalier come down from his high horse, lay aside his ever-ready sword and take part with his fellow-citizens in a government of reason. When Bourbonism is not in a condition to use open it uses secret violence, for where it may have no army it may have assassins. And where this is too dangerous, Bourbonism attempts a war of words and indulges in peculiarly venomous abuse and poisonous slander. The real wit in the contest, the fun of the thing, is on the other side; the real intelligence finally drifts there, and Bourbonism gets the worst of it. Read history and you will see this. Note how it was in England before the passage of the first reform bill, and of Catholic emancipation. Where were Tom Moore and the poets? Where were Sidney Smith and the wits and essayists?

The last resort of Bourbonism is cant. The ruffian and the lampooner turns the solicitous guardian of public order and the established framework of society. Bourbonism mourns over the temporal and spiritual dangers of the emancipated slave, turned loose in a world full of tempation without the restraining influence of a godly overseer and the evangelizing ministry of a cowhide. Bourbons, by-the-way, always believe freedom for other people a failure. The Bourbon coun-

tenance grows sad as it contemplates the high wassail which grandfather and grandmother and the family will hold around the hearthstone because one of the boys has been deprived by law of the facilities for public intoxication. And it is the sleep of Bourbonism that is murdered by frightful visions of children being drowned in the cistern, or blown up with kerosene, and shapes hot from Tartarus coming in to crouch by the desolated hearthstone while mother runs across the street to vote.

So the contest goes on between reason and beneficence as against worn and rusty tyrannies, lumbering precedent and the effort of intrenched evils to get themselves regarded as vested rights. The sound you hear is the advancing steps of Freedom, preceded by her heralds calling, "Clear the way." As between those who maintain that all men are created equal, and are everywhere equal to the duties of self-government, and are everywhere improved by the exercise of that privilege; and those who maintain that to bear rule is the right and duty of the few, and who everywhere resist any extension of the governing powers; who believe that only certain classes of men are fit to take care of themselves, and who hold that the government should be conducted on the principle of a church which nobody was allowed to join unless there was a vacancy; a rule which long prevailed in China, and has been lately suggested for the United States;—between these two classes, a decision must be arrived at by the test of experience.

In a matter of this kind it is allowable to bring in

individual experience. That is always evidence, and I trust I shall not lay myself open to any charge of vanity in citing what may be called the experience of a family, even though that family be my own; and especially as the story is told, not because it is remarkable, but because it is not; because it is the history of thousands of American families; an average history.

The first of my name in America was an English immigrant who landed on the shores of Massachusetts Bay in 1631. He was no "lord or belted knight," that is certain; no learned doctor was he from any school; the "annals" of the poor man are "short and simple;" five lines from the old record comprise it all. He "came to this land," says the chronicler, and "endured much bodily affliction," and died and left behind him "a good savor of godliness;" and this one thing more, "He was made a Freeman." He had undergone no special education, nor resided in the country for a long time, nor did he possess an extensive property qualification which, if required, would have been fatal to his political advancement, as well as that of most of his descendants since, but he was "made a Freeman." He had no precedents to guide him. It was not an age of freedom. Louis XIII was king of France; Charles I, a Bourbon in every drop of his blood, was king of England; the dark and bloody Wallenstein was ravaging the fields and cities of Germany; but still this poor invalid, who, in a government based on force, would probably have not been counted in, was "made a Freeman," the equal partner of other "Freemen" in the structure of the

state. Thus before Hampden, before Cromwell, this humble man and his associates, taking upon themselves the title of Freemen, established a free government, made war and peace, preserved order, repressed crime, and laid the eternal foundations of a commonwealth. The son of this first Freeman, a blacksmith, went with others, farmers, sailors, and mechanics, through the wilderness, and his forge-fire first lit the woods and rocks and waters of New London; and the blacksmith, as he shaped the glowing iron, shaped in his free and equal brain the laws, the ordinances, the codes and policies of the infant State of Connecticut. This Freeman's son sailed away with the other seafaring men of that coast, and humbled the house of Bourbon in its strong fortress of Louisburg. Later, when came the bloody issue between the colonies and crown — English Bourbonism with its sword, and American Freedom with her sword — two lineal descendants of that first Freeman died in the ranks: one in the bloody redoubt at Bunker Hill, and another on the victorious field of Saratoga. No glittering rewards were held out to these, no seignorial grant of lands attracted the first emigrant; no dukedoms, or stars, or garters, or largesses of any sort were held out to them later: it was enough to live and die Freemen. So for two hundred and fifty-six years the structure, reared as I have told you without a model, has endured, and the gates of hell have not prevailed against it. That plain, strong house shelters me and my children as it has sheltered seven generations of my name and race before me. In that two hundred and fifty years the

floods have risen and the winds have come, and the rain has beaten on the House of Bourbon and it has fallen, for it was based on the shifting sands of human arrogance and pretense.

The government of American freemen, adopted by the first handful of exiles gathered on the narrow shore between the devouring wilderness and the hungry sea, has proved its adaptability to the wants and needs and aspirations of common men by over two centuries and a half of trial. It has enlisted, as I have shown you, the affection not of those whose "trade is royalty," but the bone and sinew; the farmer in his furrow, the blacksmith at his anvil, the sailor whistling as he climbs. For that free government, and that it might be kept free, these have shed their freely-given and unpurchased blood. It has grown stronger as it has grown more free, and as its privileges have been extended. The first Freeman in the family story which I have given you was required to be a member of the church; the community being, by express understanding, a religious as well as a civil society. In a short time the religious test was removed, and we have gone on making "Freemen" and removing restrictions ever since—religious restrictions, property restrictions, race restrictions, and now the restriction of sex, and the country is stronger and better for it. We have not torn down the old house—we have only made it roomier and more comfortable.

In the over two hundred and fifty-six years but one serious danger has ever menaced our government, and

that came in the shape of a revolt in favor of the House of Bourbon. In the middle of the Nineteenth century there came an attempt to set up over against this free government an aristocracy, based, like every aristocracy, on slavery. It came on with all the old cries; the old assumptions of chivalry and superiority of blood and lineage; its banners were blessed by the old priests with the ancient benedictions, and it failed. And amid the crash of its fall was heard the voice of the humbly-born, raised to the summit of the State, proclaiming a government of the people, by the people, forever and forever.

For myself, as one American citizen, I have no fears of freedom. I fear nothing except Pharisaism, exclusivism, reactionism, Bourbonism. I fear the ballot nowhere. I am not afraid of it in a black hand, I am not afraid of it even in my wife's hand. I do not fear, either, that too many will come to this blessed land to enjoy its sun or its soil or its freedom. It is not for me to shut out from this land, where the poor English emigrant of the Seventeenth century brought his broken body but undaunted soul, to find a grave for one and freedom for the other — it is not for me in the Nineteenth century to shut out from this land a single human being who seeks, as he did, to be "made a Freeman." There is in my opinion, no more danger of this country being conquered or its liberties overthrown by the advent of the foreign-born, than of its invasion by the armies of Gog and Magog; and as to the Anarchists, this great, strong, powerful country is in the same dan-

ger from them that it is from a sudden concerted outbreak of all the maniacs in the United States from the walls of their respective asylums. Anarchism is the ague that arises from the swamps of Bourbonism, and the just and reasonable enforcement of law is the quinine that will "break" it.

Bourbonism bears in itself the seeds of death. Freedom drinks at the waters of Eternal Life. Bourbonism goes, Freedom comes. How beautiful upon the mountains, O Liberty, are thy advancing feet!

A KANSAS HAS-BEEN.*

IT has just been the fortune of the writer for once, at least, to obey the commandment and make the Sabbath a day of rest, in a town above all others in Kansas best adapted to composure of body and soul, though once the noisiest, the fiercest and most generally torn up little burg west of the Missouri. It is hardly necessary to go further with the description to enable an old Kansan to guess the truth—that the town referred to is Lecompton.

The "guide, philosopher and friend" of the day and the place was "Joe Fluffer," who, though a young man, may be styled the "Old Mortality" of Lecompton, who has lived within hearing of Lecompton for the better part of his days, and who for twelve years last past has gathered there the "sum of his possessions and fortunes;" whose children are natives of the place, and who, though adding to his other points of resemblance to St. Paul, the fact that his life is spent in "journeying oft," returns from each pilgrimage to his Lecompton home with the multitudinous little cedars, and the three big coffee-bean trees, which nature, in a sudden fit of order, set out one day in a straight row, and exactly the same

*From the Atchison *Champion*, September 26, 1882.

distance apart. Here our friend sits on his "front stoop" and gazes betimes at the hills and hollows and houses of the town. And more, he can shut his eyes and see Lecompton just as it has looked on any day in the last twenty years. He can go in the darkest night to any designated spot in the old mile square that formed the original limits of the town; can point out the else unseen loose lines of stones overgrown with brush, that mark the foundations of houses that disappeared utterly and forever years ago; and can stand on some high hill and point to any historic spot, from old Gen. Brindle's printing-office to the grave of Sherrard, who died in one of the political brawls that marked the early days of Lecompton—and there are no days at Lecompton except early days. Every visitor links it with the past, and of those who made the "Sabbath day's journey" here recorded, one was a lady who saw the place first and last as a stage-sick little girl taking her first journey in Kansas, from Leavenworth to Topeka, twenty-three years ago.

The railroad has wound along the rocky bluffs that wash their feet in the river at Lecompton for a good many years as time is counted in Kansas, but for a long time the railroad company refused to recognize the place as alive, and nothing but a platform greeted the traveler, but at last a station-house has been built, where two active and courteous young men keep watch and ward over the slowly-developing freight and passenger business of the neighborhood, but no hotel runners, no hacks, no clamor of any sort meets you at the

station. The flowing river is not more still than the surroundings. A wagon-road exists, but the traveler is liable to overlook it and clamber up the sides of a rock quarry and so across bare commons and through hazel patches up to the straggling town, with its maze of weed-grown lanes, and rail fences, and old houses, and some new ones, and cabbage gardens, and little vineyards, all piled in like furniture in an express wagon on moving-day.

The story is not yet forgotten about the man who became possessed with the street-car rhyme about "Punch with care," and so, going along, the line from the "Deserted Village" entered our mind and there remained:

"With blossoming furze unprofitably gay."

Of course there is no furze in Lecompton, nor in the United States, as far as known; there was nothing but sand-burs, and jimsons in a state of dry and rattling raggedness, and the coarse and nameless yellow flowers that betoken the coming on of autumn; but still the words came, "With blossoming furze," and then a break made by a question or some sudden turn in the conversation, and then with silence came, with a following echo, "unprofitably gay, unprofitably gay."

There was no living thing passed on the walk up from the depot, save the most emaciated and listless of young colts, which somebody, with a fine sense of humor, had decorated with a halter, as if there was the slightest danger that he would ever break, or pull, or run, or even walk away. He came in naturally with the rest

of the landscape, the sun-burned grass, and the "blossoming furze, unprofitably gay."

When we had reached the porch of Senator Greene, for "Fluffer" also wears the toga and sits in the curule chair, and has the fasces borne before him and all that, as a Senator from Douglas county, we had a chance to observe how admirable for situation is Lecompton. The plan of nature is an amphitheater of wooded hills —they were once covered with great oaks, growing free and shady, without incumbering underbrush—and in the center of the amphitheater rises a hill as high as those surrounding it, and sloping to the river, and on the crest of this was to stand the capitol of Kansas. On this spot the edifice was actually begun, and $30,000 of the money of the United States was here expended. Here, too, the greatest change had been made in the latter-day appearance of Lecompton. It is the new building of "Lane University." This school was founded years ago by the United Brethren in Christ, a small church, inheriting the saintly traditions of the Moravians, an outgrowth of that holy society which carried its doctrines to the frozen mountains of Greenland and the burning plains of India; which made Wesley a religious reformer and organizer; which penetrated the forests of America and turned the fierce Indian to an unresisting gentleness which was rewarded by the massacre of Gnadenhutten, the most frightful chapter in American history, the most brutal deed ever done by men professing to be civilized Christians. The United Brethren started at Lecompton and have maintained for years

their school. For a long time the school was gathered in an old Lecompton hotel, famous once as the Rowena House, but now the academicians dwell in this structure, erected, as we have said, on the foundation laid in the old days, when the Government of the United States was a fraud, backing violence in support of slavery. The school lives; I do not know that it exactly flourishes, but it lives. A small Church like the United Brethren is more closely banded together and more willing to make sacrifices for its own than a more numerous and wealthy body. So it will not be surprising if this school lives many, many years to kindle the torch of learning to be carried far and wide by many hands.

Certainly a more beautiful site could not be found. From the high windows the young men and maidens look over the fairest of Kansas landscapes—and there are no fairer.

The afternoon wore on amid talk and laughter, which, however, it is hoped did not disturb the appropriate stillness of the place or shock any pious heart, since the subdued hilarity gladdened the hearts of a little company of human beings ranging in age from three to eighty-three years.

All the hills around Lecompton are covered with forest, to which the drouth had given the somber hues of autumn, without the gorgeous tints which are worked by the frost. The brown and russet and grayish green of the trees conveyed an impression of sadness, and framed in these fading woods rose a ruin, as it seemed

to be, a roofless church of stone. The ruin, however, is not that of a house once completed and so conveying a sense of something lost. It marks the hour when the palsy struck Lecompton. On this now wild and overgrown hillside the Catholic Church, which rarely makes mistakes of business, essayed to rear one of its altars. The end came, and the walls of the church, raised for the roof, were abandoned by the workmen forever. It will never know the tread of priestly feet, the smoke of censor, the light of candle, or the sound of bell. Near by is a house built for the priest, but for years left to the care of first one poor tenant and then another. We walked over to the "ruined fane." Where it was hoped and fondly believed would be a paved and crowded street, there wound only a yellow country road. At one place a wide culvert was crossed. We should not have noticed it had not our faithful guide called attention. That culvert cost the United States $1,000 in gold. It was in the "earlier and purer days of the republic" that that robbery was committed; twenty-odd years nearer Jackson than we are now. Passing over the ancient fraud, we left the road entirely, and tramped through thickets and great growth of weeds, and stood within the walls of the old unfinished church. One wall had fallen in, and gaps had opened in places, but, as if conscious of protection, birds had built their nests in the crevices of the wall, and raised their young in the abandoned sanctuary. But framed in the openings for the windows looking to the westward were such clouds, such hills, such evening shadows as painters

cross the sea to find. Here was the village spire rising among the trees; here a shining glimpse of the winding river; here the white road winding adown the steep; and above all such a sky as never Italy knew. That same view, 3,000 or 4,000 miles away, with perhaps some slight accessories—a castled tower; the sharp pinnacle of some old chateau—would wake the enthusiasm of the American artist or poet; but it was only at poor old Lecompton, in and for the county of Douglas and State of Kansas.

Led by the indefatigable Albert, we went to the top of the hill and through a newly-cleared field cut out of the woods, and saw, in the near distance, a large, hip-roofed house. It was built by Frederick P. Stanton, when Secretary of the Territory of Kansas. In his mind, Mr. Stanton saw Lecompton an opulent metropolis, and built this great house where he thought to be convenient to the forum and the mart, and yet out of the noise and whirl of business. The house, for the time, was strongly and massively built; it was esteemed a sort of baronial residence, but the fashion of politics passeth away; Mr. Stanton long since left Kansas, the stage on which he was for a time so conspicuous a figure, and the house was left to itself; its occupants are shifting and inconstant, and it even has the reputation of being haunted.

Pointing to the northwest across the river, the "delineator" explained that there existed a Mormon graveyard. According to tradition, a party of these unfortunate and misguided people, bound westward, were overtaken

at this place by some officious Missourians who claimed that they were endeavoring to escape military duty in the Mexican war. Of the men, many were apparently frightened or cajoled into enlisting; the women were left almost alone to pursue their long journey; with the other troubles came sickness, and many went away, not to Utah, but to the "silent land." This was the story as it was told—whether it be true or no—under the gentle and pitying sky of evening.

Pointing to the northeast, the line of cottonwoods was dimly discerned that mark Stonehouse creek, where it is claimed the first white settlement of Kansas was made. It was a trading-post. One of the traders was a Boone, a son or grandson of Daniel Boone, and there exists, or did exist some years ago, a well walled up with cut stone, the work being done at the expense of the nursing mother of Territories, the United States treasury.

Next we went down through the woods along what was a mere trace, a narrow grass-grown path, abruptly crossed at one place by a barbed wire of the newest and sharpest kind. This was once the main road from Lawrence to Lecompton, and coming in on this road with a couple of six-pounders, Gen. Lane, and that better and braver man, Col. Sam. Walker, bluffed the authorities at Lecompton into compliance with their wishes.

On these hills, on the down-river side of the town, live a good many colored people of the rural order. It is a singular circumstance, but these primitive black folks are always found haunting the vicinage of all the

old pro-slavery towns of Kansas. Why they do this, nobody ever has satisfactorily explained. One would suppose that they would have hunted the "citadels of freedom" at Lawrence. But no, here they are, where dwelt those who fondly hoped to be called "master," and have their drinks brought to them on a waiter by "my yeller boy." These dark reminders of the "patriarchal system" have their little farms and garden patches around Lecompton, sending their children to school like other Kansans, and on Sunday they pray and preach and sing at the public school-house.

Thus did we go around about Lecompton and so back like a surveyor's line, "to the place of beginning," just as the lights were shining in the windows of the town. Then, like good people, we all went to church. The spacious hall of the University was quite splendid with chandeliers, and there was a fine congregation of solid-looking people, with several old men with German names, who set one to thinking about Count Zinzendorf; and singing of the modern sort, harmonious, though without musical accompaniment, and a sermon by a thoughtful young man who was an observer of nature — because he used as an illustration a lizard he had discovered under a Lecompton rock — and with poetry in his soul, because he quoted "Evangeline;" and it was well, for a man who has no eyes for the world around him, and no imagination, withal, has no "call" to preach.

That night, at the bright supper-table, the talk was of apples, brought on by the presence of some fine specimens of Kansas growth, and the host, taking up one,

said that there was once a man down South, during the war, who hated everything Yankee so much that he did not like to hear the North Star mentioned, who yet bowed in reverence to the "Rhode Island Greening," the apple exhibited to the company, and raised in Lecompton. And this led to what may be called the resurrection of Lecompton. The "metropolis" idea being abandoned, the people who might otherwise have lived in town went on their farms and into their orchards, and so have grown up around some of the finest orchards and vineyards. The lamentations of the Douglas County Horticultural Society have not prevented Douglas from being a fruit county, or one orchardist not far from Lecompton shipping in one season 25,000 bushels of apples to Colorado. The railroad has made the discovery that Lecompton is a good shipping point, and so the country grows apace and reacts on the town, and new houses are not infrequent, and the waste places shall be made glad in time, and there will not be quite so much unprofitable vegetable gayety in the neighborhood.

At midnight, under a moon that shone like an electric light, we wended our way along the silent street of the town, and it chanced that we lifted up our eyes and beheld a weather-beaten, two-story frame building, which even the "fairy moonlight" could not brighten or soften, and this was "Constitutional Hall."

Oh, the constitutional conventionists of Lecompton; how statesmanlike they thought themselves, as they gathered in this frame house. How shrewd they thought that dodge of submitting the "Constitution with slavery"

and the "Constitution without slavery." How they were going to "calm the agitation" and save the Union, and suppress the fanatical Abolitionists and soothe the throes of the approaching earthquake, and quiet the thunder and saddle and bridle the storm. How they made this old shell echo, and how they wiped the perspiration from their Websterian foreheads, and thought they had completely and everlastingly "done it," and how it all ended in a bad smell, and the story of a candle-box hid in a woodpile. Such is the "unprofitable gayety" of statesmen, which considerably discounts the "blossoming furze."

The railroad curves and winds and hugs the bluff to pass Lecompton, and so we stood on the platform, and listened to the rumble, which seemed near, but was really miles away; then a light flashed, disappeared, and flashed again, and then was lost once more. The first flash was seen three miles away, and then the intermittent rumble grew into a low steady roar, and grew louder and louder, and then the flash was near at hand, making the rails for a long way ahead shine like molten silver, and then there was a scream and a pause, and a clanging bell and another rush, and Lecompton was left to silence and to sleep.

THE MENNONITES AT HOME.*

TALKING the other day with Mr. C. B. Schmidt, the foreign missionary of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, we asked him concerning the present whereabouts and prospects of the last detachment of Mennonite immigrants from Russia, whose arrival was recently chronicled in the *Commonwealth*, whereupon Mr. S. suggested that the questioner visit the Mennonites and enable himself to answer his own question. The suggestion was unanimously adopted.

The features of the country between Topeka and Newton are tolerably familiar, and do not need description. Going down, however, the writer noticed a remarkable illustration of the heavenly influence of music. A stout, middle-aged woman on board had with her two and a half seats filled with children. One of them, a girl, kept up a steady succession of the most ear-piercing yells that ever made an old bachelor wish he were dead. This young lady led the rest of the family in a continued chorus of shrieks, save one, a youth of about three years, who was provided with a "mouth-organ," or harmonica, which he played all the time, with an occasional vacation of about a minute and

*From the Topeka *Commonwealth*, August 20, 1875.

a half for breathing purposes. While his brethren and sisters were bathed in tears, and almost silencing the rumbling of the train with their outcries, he sat, as happy as he could be in a vain world like this, and played and played and played, illustrating the great truth that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

From melody to sweetness is a natural transition, which recalls the fact that Mr. A. F. Horner was a fellow-passenger, and informed us that he had just shipped sixty-two barrels and the requisite cane-crushing machinery down the road, and proposed to make sorghum on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. In view of this, the destruction of the levees in Louisiana is not such a serious calamity to us.

The original objective point of the trip was Halstead, where Mr. B. Warkentin, a Mennonite, has a fine flouring mill; but circumstances changed cases, so that our railroad journey ended at Newton. Mr. Warkentin, by-the-way, was met on the train going down, with his bride, a young lady from Summerfield, St. Clair county, Illinois. The bridegroom, bride, two brothers-in-law and a sister of the bride, made up a gay party.

In the morning bright and early the "outfit" started from Newton. Like Mr. G. A. Sala's trip to Russia, ours was "A Journey Due North," over the prairie and over a road now used almost exclusively by the Mennonite settlers; in fact the first team we met was that of a Mennonite who was going to Newton with a wagon-load of watermelons. He very politely handed over a

melon, selecting one which he said was of Russian origin. It was a very fine one, and we anticipate great pleasure on our next visit to St. Petersburg in sitting on a store-box in front of the Imperial palace and eating such a melon with the Grand Duke Alexis. And this brings up the great subject of watermelons, as connected with the Mennonite immigration.

The Mennonites have a decided preference for watermelons over every other "fruit." They call the melon "arboosen," though we would not be willing to certify that this is the correct spelling. The last detachment happened to arrive at Atchison on Saturday — market-day, and among the first objects they saw were the big Kansas watermelons. They "went for them then and thar," and felt that they had reached the "happy land of Canaan." Unless some other State can raise larger watermelons than Kansas — which some other State can't — the future Mennonite immigration will be directed hitherward. This fondness for watermelons and a watermelon country are an indication of the peaceable and sensible character of the Mennonite people. The American prefers to migrate to a country where he has a chance to be eaten up by grizzlies and chased by wolves, and can exercise his bowie-knife on the active red man, while the Mennonite sees no fun in danger, abhors war, and so seeks out a fertile, peaceable country, where he buries his glittering steel, not in the hearts of his enemies, but in the bowels of the luscious watermelon.

The first Mennonite residence reached was that of

"Bishop" Buller, who is not a bishop at all, as the Mennonites recognize but one order in their ministry, that of "elder," who is elected by the congregation, and is usually a farmer like the rest. At Mr. Buller's we saw an evidence of progress. One of the stone rollers which were procured to thresh grain was lying in the yard, while a short distance away was an American threshing-machine in full blast.

Mr. Buller accompanied us to the residence of Abraham Reimer, where a council was being held relating to some business with the railroad company.

The establishment of Mr. Reimer, who is a leading man among his people and who left a fine property in Russia, afforded a good idea of what Mennonite thrift has already accomplished in Kansas. Mr. Reimer's house was a substantial frame structure with two large barns, and at the rear of it numerous stacks of grain arranged in a semi-circle. A stout boy and girl were engaged near by in stacking hay, the young lady officiating on top of the stack. That the Mennonite, the female Mennonite, is not destitute of an eye for the beautiful, was shown by a well-kept flower garden at the end of the house. It is true that the flowers were arranged in straight rows and were such floral old-timers as pinks, marigolds and the like, but, after all, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these.

Out in the dooryard there was that queer blending of races often seen in Kansas. There were Mennonites, and in the midst was a horse-trader of the usual American type, and with him a young colored man who spoke

German and acted as interpreter. An object of interest to all except the Mennonites, was a Russian farm-wagon, noticeable for its short coupling, narrow "track," flaring bed painted green, and a profusion of blacksmith's work all over. The horse-trader intimated that the American eagle would not condescend to ride in such a wagon.

The interior of the house, as we have said, consisted of two rooms, as yet unplastered, looking like the apartments of any thrifty settler who has not yet had time to plaster his walls. The only "foreign contrivance" to attract a stranger's notice was the bedstead and bedding, the latter piled up in a high stack when not in use, and covered over with a calico "spread." The top of the high, narrow pile resembled in shape a coffin, and conveyed the unpleasant impression to the visitor that he had just arrived in time for a funeral. In the "best room" the meeting was in progress. The room was quite full, and the visages of all present were as immovable as the green-and-gold face of a Russian clock that ticked on the wall. These clocks are seen everywhere. They sport a long pendulum with a disk as big as a buckwheat cake, and long, heavy hanging weights of brass. There was not a newspaper or periodical in sight, and no books save a black-covered German Bible, according to the version of Dr. Martin Luther, and several Mennonite hymn-books; these last were bound in leather and printed in Odessa. There were few relics of Russia to be seen, especially no pictures of any sort. In every kitchen, however, there is a Russian tea-kettle—a large affair of copper, lined with tin; and at

"Bishop" Buller's we saw some wooden bowls, curiously painted and gilded. They are very common in Russia, and the smaller sizes sell for three cents each. The Mennonite in Russia beats the Yankee in the woodenware line.

After the council had broken up, dinner followed, being neat and clean. The leading features were fried cakes, the English name of which appeared to be "roll-cake;" then there was black rye bread — very good — and excellent butter. We should not omit to add that there was also watermelon. Everything indicated that the Mennonite is "fixed;" he is a good liver, and hospitable in any event.

We finally took leave of Abraham Reimer, who shook hands cordially, though he did not kiss Mr. Schmidt as he did the Mennonite brethren when they left. The luxury of men kissing each other appears to be exclusively confined to the Mennonite Church.

We left the Reimer settlement for Gnadenau by way of Hoffnungsthal. The Reimer settlement is called New Alexanderwohl, or New Alexander's health. Healthy Alexander is synonymous with smart Alexander. Hence, New Alexanderwohl may easily and beautifully be translated into New Smartaleckville. A few miles further east along the south branch of the Cottonwood, is a row of grass-thatched shanties called Hoffnungsthal. The settlers here are poor, and the name of the town signifies "The Valley of Hope." The settlers live in hope. Next in order comes the admirably-located town of Gnadenau. Mr. Schmidt seemed "mixed" as to the

meaning of this word, and we are not positive whether it signifies "Valley of Grace," or "The place from which a fine prospect can be seen."

We drove across an immensity of newly-broken prairie before we arrived at the acres of sod corn and watermelons which mark the corporation line of Gnadenau. The houses of Gnadenau present every variety of architecture, but each house is determined on one thing, to keep on the north side of the one street of the town and face to the south. Some of the houses are shaped like a "wedge" tent, the inclining sides consisting of a frame of wood, thatched with long prairie grass, the ends being sometimes of sod, at others of boards, and others of sun-dried brick. Other houses resemble a wall tent, the sides being of sod laid up as a mason lays brick, and the roof of grass. Some of these sod houses were in course of construction. Finally came substantial frame houses. At the east end of the street, in a red frame house with board window shutters painted green, lives Jacob Weibe, the head man of Gnadenau. We found Mr. Weibe a tall, powerfully-built man, with a more martial appearance than his brethren. This may arise from the circumstance that the Mennonite church is divided on the question of shaving, and Mr. Weibe adheres to the bearded persuasion. Mr. Weibe came to Kansas from the Crimea, where a Mennonite colony was established some thirteen years ago, and it sounded strangely to hear him use in conversation the once famous names of localities near his home, Sevastopol, Kertch, Eupatoria and others.

But Kansas is drawing a population from regions yet farther away than these. On our road to Peabody we met a Mennonite settler who announced the arrival of a daughter from the border of Circassia. Mr. Weibe has built a house more nearly on the Russian model. He took us over the structure, a maze of small rooms and passages, the stable being under the same roof with the people, and the granaries over all, the great wheat-stacks being located at the back door.

An immense pile of straw was intended, Mr. Weibe said, for fuel this winter. The Mennonites are economists in the way of fuel, and at the houses are large piles of chopped straw mixed with barnyard manure stacked up for "firewood." This kind of fuel destroys one's ideas of the "cheerful fireside" and "blazing hearth." There is not much "yule-log" poetry about it. Straw sounds and smells better. In order to use it, however, the Mennonites discard stoves, and use a Russian oven built in the wall of the house, which, once thoroughly heated with light straw, will retain its warmth longer than young love itself.

Of course we visited the watermelon fields which in the aggregate seemed about a quarter-section, and Mr. Weibe insisted on donating a hundred pounds or so of the fruit—or is it vegetable?—fearing we might get hungry on the road.

As we have mentioned three Mennonite villages, we may say that the Mennonite system contemplates that the landholder shall live in the town and in the country at the same time. The villagers of Gnadenau and

Hoffnungsthal own fourteen sections of land, yet all the farmers live in the two towns, each of a single street. Near are the gardens, and all around are the wide fields. Near each house were immense stacks of grain raised on ground and rented from men who were driven out last year by the grasshoppers.

When we left the manly and hospitable Weibe's, the evening was well advanced. At the top of the ridge we looked back into the wide sunlit valley with the cornfields and the long row of grass-thatched houses, and thought of the coming day when solid farm-houses and great barns and waving orchards would line the long village street, even to Hoffnungsthal; and so we slashed open a watermelon, and drank to the health of Gnadenau.

A DAY WITH THE MENNONITES.*

THERE has always been something very interesting to me in the coming of different peoples to Kansas, and the blending of all of them into a community of interest and language. In my newspaper travels I have interviewed a half-dozen varieties of "colonists," among them the Hungarians, of Rawlins county, and the colored folks of Nicodemus, who came to Kansas from the distant and foreign shores of Kentucky.

By far the most extensive and notable immigration in the history of Kansas was that of the so-called "Russians," which began substantially in 1874, and which has resulted in the settlement of fifteen thousand Mennonites in the counties of Marion, Harvey, McPherson, Butler, Reno and Barton, besides the Catholic German-Russians, who have some settlements in Ellis county, on the line of the Kansas Pacific, and whose mud village of Herzog I visited in 1878.

The rallying-point of the Russian immigrants in 1874 and 1875 was Topeka, and that town abounded with sheepskin coats, ample breeches, bulbous petticoats, iron teakettles, and other objects supposed to be distinctively Russian, for many months. There was considerable

* From the Atchison *Champion*, May 8, 1882.

competition between the two great land-grant roads — the Kansas Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé — to secure these people as settlers. With its usual good luck, the Santa Fé captured both the larger and the better class, the Mennonites.

The Catholic Russians were from a remote part of Russia, the government of Saratov, and were the most foreign in their appearance. The men and boys had a custom of gathering on the street at night, near their quarters, and singing in concert. The music was of a peculiarly plaintive character, suggesting the wide, lonely steppes from whence they came. As I have said, they went out on the Kansas Pacific, where they seem to have pretty much disappeared from public view. In 1878, at Herzog, they had made very little progress.

The Mennonites seemed more at home in the country; and securing excellent lands from the Santa Fé company, soon disappeared from Topeka. In the summer of 1875, in company with Mr. C. B. Schmidt, then, as now, the Emigration Agent of the A. T. & S. F., who had been largely instrumental in settling them in Kansas, I visited a portion of the colonists, living in the villages of New Alexanderwohl, Hoffnungsthal and Gnadenau, in Harvey and Marion counties. The observations made on the occasion of that visit were embodied in an article in the Topeka *Commonwealth*, entitled "The Mennonites at Home." From that visit until yesterday, I had never seen the Mennonites, though I had often felt a great curiosity to observe for myself how they had succeeded.

In 1875 the Mennonites were still a strange people. They retained the little green flaring wagons they had brought from Russia, and were attempting to live here under the same rule they followed in Russia. The village of Gnadenau was the most pretentious of their villages. It was a long row of houses, mostly built of sod and thatched with long prairie grass. A few of the wealthier citizens had built frame houses, furnished with the brick ovens of Russian origin which warm the family and cook its food for all day with two armfuls of loose straw.

The land belonging in severalty to the villagers, lay around the settlement, some of it at a considerable distance, while near at hand was a large common field, or rather garden, which was principally devoted to watermelons, which seemed the principal article on the Mennonite bill of fare.

The site of the villages seemed selected with care, each standing on such slight ridges and elevations as the prairie afforded. It was summer in Kansas, and of course the scene was naturally beautiful; but the scattered or collected Mennonite houses, with their bare walls of sods or boards, amid patches of broken prairie, did not at all add to the charm of the scene. The people were like their houses, useful but ugly. They had not yet got over the effect of their long ocean voyage or their life in the huddled emigrant quarters at Topeka, where they acquired a reputation for uncleanliness which they were far from deserving. Still there was an appearance of resolution and patience about them,

taken with the fact that all, men, women and children, were at work, that argued well for the future. It was easy, if possessed of the slightest amount of imagination, to see these rude habitations transformed in time to the substantial brick houses surrounded by orchards, such as the people had owned when they lived on the banks of the Molotchna in far Russia. Of course, it was reasoned, they would remain villagers; they would cling to the customs they brought from Russia, and remain for generations a peculiar people. They would be industrious; they would acquire wealth; but they would remain destitute of any sense of beauty, rather sordid, unsocial, and to that extent undesirable settlers.

Hardly seven years have passed, and on Friday last, for the first time, the writer was enabled to carry into effect a long-cherished purpose to return and take another look at the Mennonites. It was intended to start from Newton in the morning, but a day fair as ever dawned in Eden was followed by a night of thunder, lightning, and rain, the rain continuing to fall all the following forenoon, with a chill wind from the north; but at noon one of those "transformation scenes" common in Kansas occurred. The sky began to clear, with a great band of blue in the north and west; the wind blew free, and by 2 o'clock we drove out over roads that you could almost walk in barefooted without soiling your feet. We were fortunate in our guide, Mr. Muntefering, of Newton, who had hunted all over the country, and had traversed it often transacting business on behalf of the railroad company with the Mennonites. The wheat

waved a varying shade of green, shifting in its lines like sea-water; the prairie-chickens rose on whirring wing before the old hunting-dog who ran before the carriage; flocks of long-billed plover looked out of the grass; and the meadow-lark rehearsed a few notes of his never-finished song.

A great change had taken place in the country generally since my last visit. The then raw prairie was now, barring the fences, very like Illinois. At last, after driving about ten miles, Mr. Muntefering announced the first Mennonite habitation, in what seemed the edge of a young forest, and I then learned what I had never before heard, or else had forgotten, that the Mennonites had abandoned the village system, and now lived "each man to himself." They tried the villages three years, but some confusion arose in regard to paying taxes, and beside, it is in the air, this desire for absolute personal and family independence; and so they went on their lands, keeping, however, as close together as the lay of the country would admit. Sometimes there are four houses to the quarter-section; sometimes four to the section. The grand divisions of New Alexanderwohl, Hoffnungsthal and Gnadenau still exist, but each group of farms has a name of its own, revealing a poetical tendency somewhere, as Greenfield, Flower Field, Field of Grace, Emma Vale, Vale of Hope, and so on. These are the German names freely translated. The old sod-houses (we believe the Mennonites never resort to the dug-out) had given way to frame houses, sometimes painted white, with wooden window-shutters.

The houses had no porches or other architectural adornments, and were uniform in appearance. I learned afterward, that the houses were built by contract, one builder at Halstead erecting sixty-five houses in one neighborhood.

The most surprising thing about these places is the growth of the trees. I left bare prairie; I returned to find a score of miniature forests in sight from any point of view. The wheat and corn fields were unfenced, of course, but several acres around every house were set in hedges, orchards, lanes and alleys of trees—trees in lines, trees in groups, and trees all alone. In many cases the houses were hardly visible from the road, and in a few years will be entirely hidden in the cool shade. Where the houses were only a few hundred yards apart, as was frequently the case, a path ran from one to the other, between two lines of poplars or cottonwoods. A very common shrub was imported from Russia and called the wild olive, the flowers being very fragrant; but the all-prevailing growth was the mulberry, another Russian idea, which is used as a hedge, a fruit tree, for fuel, and as food for the silk-worms.

We wished to see a few specimen Mennonites and their homes, and called first on Jacob Schmidt, who showed us the silk-worms feeding in his best room. On tables and platforms a layer of mulberry twigs had been laid, and these were covered with thousands of worms, resembling the maple-worm. As fast as the leaves are eaten fresh twigs are added. As the worms grow, more room is provided for them, and they finally eat mul-

berry brush by the wagon-load. Mr. Schmidt said the floor of his garret would soon be covered. It seemed strange that the gorgeous robes of beauty should begin with this blind, crawling green worm, gnawing ravenously at a leaf.

We went next to the house of Peter Schmidt. Had I been an artist I should have sketched Peter Schmidt, of Emmathal, as the typical prosperous Mennonite. He was a big man, on the shady side of forty. His face, round as the moon, was sun-burned to a walnut brown. He was very wide, fore and aft; he wore a vest that buttoned to his throat, a sort of brown blouse, and a pair of very roomy and very short breeches, while his bare feet were thrust into a sort of sandals very popular with the Mennonites. The notable feature of Peter's face was a very small mouth, which was slightly spread at times with a little smile, showing his white teeth, and quite out of proportion to his immense countenance. Peter knew scarcely any English, but conversed readily through Mr. Muntefering. He showed with pride his mulberry hedges. The plants are set out in three rows, which are cut down alternately. Peter had already cut down one row, and had a great pile of brush for firewood. The Mennonites relied at first on straw, and a mixture of straw and barnyard manure, which was dried and used for fuel, but now the wood is increasing on their lands. They have seldom or never indulged in the extravagance of coal. Another source of pride was the apricots. The seed was brought from Russia, and the trees bore plentifully

last year, and the Mennonites, taking them to Newton as a lunch, were agreeably surprised by an offer of $3 a bushel for them. Peter Schmidt showed all his arboral treasures—apples, cherries, peaches, apricots, pears, all in bearing, where seven years ago the wind in passing found only the waving prairie grass. No wonder Peter Schmidt, of Emmathal, waxed fat and smiled. He started on the prairie with $800; he now has a farm worth $4,000. We went into the house, of course; the door of every Mennonite is open, and the proprietor showed his silk-worms and his possessions generally. He exhibited his Russian oven, built in the partition walls so as to warm two or three rooms, and to which is attached also a sort of brick range for cooking purposes. This device cannot be explained without a diagram. It is perfectly efficient, and the smoke at last goes into a wide chimney which is used as the family smoke-house. A happy man was Peter Schmidt, and well satisfied with his adopted country, for when I managed to mix enough German and English together to ask him how he liked America as compared with Russia, he answered in a deep voice, and with his little smile: "Besser." With a hearty good-bye to Peter Schmidt of Emmathal, we pursued our journey, passing many houses, hedges and orchards, and finally came to the home of Heinrich Richert of Blumenfeld, or Flower Field.

This place was of the more modern type. The house was a plain frame, of the American pattern, but the stable had a roof of thatch, on which the doves clung

and cooed, as you see them in pictures. Not far away on either hand were two other houses, to which shaded alleys led. In one of them lived the oldest married daughter of the family. Leading up to the front door the path was lined with hedges of mulberry, trimmed very low, and flat on top, as box hedges are trimmed; and there was also a large flower-bed of intricate pattern, the property of the Misses Richert.

When Mr. Richert came in from the fields, his bright eye, his square jaw, and the way he stood on his legs, showed that he was accustomed to authority. He had, in fact, been a schoolmaster in Russia, and in America occasionally exercises his gifts as a preacher. In the sitting-room, which had no carpet, but a pine floor, which fairly shone, was a bookcase set in the wall and filled with books, which usually are not very common in Mennonite houses. They were all sober-colored volumes, commentaries on the Scriptures, and works on horse-doctoring. Madame Richert, a very pleasant woman, with, it may be remarked, a very pretty and small hand, gave the history of the older books, which were brought from Prussia, where her husband was born, but she herself was born in southern Russia, as were the thirteen young Richerts.

It was decided to accept the hospitality of these good people, and the mother and daughters got supper — and such a supper! such bread and butter and preserves; and everything, nearly, on the bill of fare was the product of this six-year-old farm. At table the conversation turned on the mode of living in Russia. From Mr. Richert's

description the Mennonites lived much better than most working-people in Europe. They had Brazilian coffee which came by way of Hamburg, and tea which came overland from China; then they had fish, both fresh-water fish and fish from the Sea of Azof. He said the mode of serving food had been changed somewhat since the Mennonites had migrated to this country.

After supper, Mr. Richert, his son, and the visitors, had a long talk about Russia. The treatment accorded the Mennonites by the Russian Government, up to 1871, was all that could be desired. The agreements made in the days of the Empress Catherine, what Mr. Richert called the "privilegium," were faithfully kept. The Mennonites did not own the lands, but leased them on the condition of cultivating them; the improvements were their own. The Mennonites had, in fact, very little to do with the Imperial Government; each of the fifty villages had its burgomaster, and a chief burgomaster was elected by the people. The Government transacted its business with the Mennonites through a council consisting of three Russian officials, and these performed their duty honestly — a rare thing in Russia. The Mennonites were industrious, peaceable, and loyal; a Mennonite was the richest man in the Crimea, and one of the wealthiest in Russia. Everything went well until the Government, in 1871, announced its intention of enforcing a universal conscription. Against this the Mennonites protested. Ten years was given them to yield or leave. Thousands left. In 1881 the Government revoked the "privilegium," compelled the remain-

ing Mennonites to take lands in severalty, and began to introduce the Russian language into the Mennonite schools. Russia's loss is our gain.

At breakfast the conversation turned on the wonderful success of the Mennonites with all kinds of trees, quite excelling anything known by Americans, with all their low-spirited horticultural societies. Herr Richert remarked that one thing that helped the trees was "plowing the dew under." This is one of the secrets of Mennonite success — they "plow the dew under" in the morning, and do not stop plowing till the dew falls at evening.

The history of Herr Richert was that of all the Mennonites we talked with. He had come to this country with $1,000; at the end of the second year he was $1,300 in debt, but had lifted the load and was now the possessor of a fine farm. The Mennonites, we may say, bought their lands in alternate sections of the railroad company, and in most cases bought the intervening sections of individual owners. They have been prompt pay. Many of the Mennonites were very poor. To provide these with land, a large sum was borrowed from wealthy Mennonites in the East. The beneficiaries are now prosperous, and the money has been faithfully repaid. Besides this, a mission has been maintained in the Indian Territory, and a considerable sum has been recently forwarded to aid destitute brethren in Russia.

To continue our journey: Our next stop was to call on a settler who wore a beard, a Cossack cap, and looked

the Russian more than any other man we met. He took us into a room, to show us some Tartar lambskin coats, which was a perfect copy of a room in Russia; with its sanded floor, its wooden settees painted red and green, its huge carved chest studded with great brass-headed bolts, and its brass lock-plate, all scoured to perfect brightness. In a little cupboard was a shining store of brass and silver table-ware. It was like a visit to Molotchna.

At the humble dwelling of Johann Krause we witnessed the process of reeling raw silk. The work was done by Mrs. Krause, on a rude twister and reel of home construction. The cocoons were placed in a trough of boiling water, and the woman, with great dexterity, caught up the threads of light cocoons, twisting them into two threads and running these on the reel. The work required infinite patience, of which few Americans are possessed. The Mennonites carried on the silk-raising business in Russia with great success, and bid fair to make it a great interest here.

After leaving Johann Krause, we made few more halts, but drove for miles with many Mennonite houses in sight, and the most promising orchards and immense fields of the greenest wheat. I have never seen elsewhere such a picture of agricultural prosperity.

If anyone has not yet made up his mind as to the possibilities of Kansas agriculture, I commend a visit to the Mennonite settlements. It is not difficult of accomplishment, as the points I visited in Harvey,

McPherson and Marion counties can be reached by a few miles drive from Newton or Halstead, on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad, or from Canton, Hillsboro and other stations on the Marion & McPherson branch.

It is a matter, I regret to say, of uncertainty, whether the work begun by these Mennonite settlers will be completed. If the sons and grandsons of Peter Schmidt, of Emmathal, and Heinrich Richert, of Blumenfeld, will walk in the ways of those worthy men, the result will be something like fairyland — the fairies being, however, substantial men, weighing about 185 pounds each. The orchards will bud and bloom, and amid them will stand the solid brick houses, like those of Russia, and the richest farmers of Kansas will dwell therein. But there is a danger that this will not come to pass. Jacob and David will go to work on the railroad, and let the plow take care of itself; and Susanna and Aganetha will go out to service in the towns, and fall to wearing fine clothes and marrying American Gentiles; and the evil day may come when the descendant of the Mennonites of the old stock will be cushioning store-boxes, saving the Nation with his mouth, or even going about like a roaring lion, seeking a nomination for Congress. I wish I could believe it otherwise. I wish our atmosphere did not make us all so smart that we cannot enjoy good health. Were it not for that accursed vanity and restlessness which is our heritage, I could indulge in a vision of the future — of

a peaceful, quiet, wealthy people, undisturbed by the throes of speculation or politics, dwelling in great content under the vines and mulberry trees which their fathers planted in the grassy, wind-swept wilderness.

THE WORLD A SCHOOL.*

IN a State which had elections before it had legal voters; railroads before it had freight and passengers for them; and newspapers before it had printing-offices; a State which one of its gifted and honored sons described in a magazine (which rose, fell and faded because it was published before it had readers) as the "hottest, coldest, dryest, wettest, thickest, thinnest country in the world," there can be nothing surprising or worthy of apology in the fact that, on an occasion like this, an individual should be selected to speak to classical scholars who does not himself know one Greek letter from another; and who, so far from knowing anything of the Latin particles, does not know a particle of Latin; that one should be chosen to address, with an implied obligation to instruct gentlemen who are proficient in the mechanic arts, yet who himself could not construct a symmetrical toothpick, even with the plans and specifications before him; nor that there should be delegated as the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of teachers and students of the science of Agriculture, one who, should there arise in future times a

*Annual address delivered before the Kansas State Agricultural College, at Manhattan, May 26, 1875.

contest like that which has raged over the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," might be put forward as the probable writer of that singular compendium of ignorance, "What I Know About Farming," instead of the late Horace Greeley.

While thus disclaiming any necessity for an apology, your speaker will not, however, avail himself of ten thousand time-honored precedents, and after first announcing that he is "entirely unprepared to make a speech," proceed to demonstrate the truth of that preliminary remark to the absolute conviction of everybody; but, avoiding educational bays and inlets which he has never navigated, will head out to the sea which no man owns; which has no beaten paths; over which the man who sails, though it be for the thousandth time, still sails a discoverer, a ten-thousandth edition of Christopher Columbus; and, instead of speaking of this man's books, and of that professor's school, he will speak of a book which no man wrote, and which is not yet completed; he will discourse of a University for which men's schools and colleges and universities are, at the very best, but a slight preparation; and these thoughts and suggestions will be brought together under the general title of "The World a School."

Possibly some may inquire by what process a speaker, confessedly ignorant of many valuable things found in books, and deprived by chance, circumstances, and — in early life — want of inclination to acquire what is commonly called an education, has obtained the knowledge which he proposes to impart; from what store-house,

they may ask, does he propose to draw his facts and inferences? The reply is, that this qualification and these facts and applications are obtained through what is itself an educational process, although it is never mentioned in the educational journals, or discussed at the teachers' institutes, or supervised by that oppressive mystery—the Bureau of Education at Washington; and this sort of education is called—in America and by Americans—"knocking about."

The course varies with every scholar, and occupies various periods of time. With most Americans it lasts from early manhood, sometimes from early boyhood, to the end of life. It is the fate of very few to graduate early; to find some sailor's snug harbor where they may ponder over what they learned, and be knocked about no more. The students of Knock About University cannot locate on the map the seat of that institution; it has no special post-office address. Like love, it is found in the camp, the court, the field and the grove. The student resides at no particular boarding-house; and, as I have said before, the course varies with each student, though the course is by no means optional, since the student frequently pursues branches which he does not fancy; and, indeed, instances are of record when the course has suddenly ended at the branch of a tree. In the course of his studies the student may be transported from the banks of the Ohio to those of the Sacramento, and thence to the James. He may be transferred from the society of students of the Septuagint to that of the professors of the seven-shooter. He

may become in turn, or be all at once, a preacher, a newspaper correspondent, and a soldier. He may be at the same time a member of a presbytery and of a general's staff, and perform at once, and in different ways, the functions of an embassador of Heaven and of the sanitary commission. To-day he may be learning to set type, and to-morrow building a church; to-day he may be fearlessly denouncing sin and wickedness, and day after to-morrow fighting a narrow-gauge railroad. In none of these pursuits is he adhering to what I am informed is called a "curriculum;" and in the prosecution of these various labors he may not open a text-book for weeks together. And yet, he is all the time acquiring knowledge which mortal man never yet extracted from between the covers of any book ever written by man. In these years his hands are hardening for the work they have yet to do; his shoulders are widening for the burden they have yet to bear; his sinews are strengthening for the race he has yet to run; his heart is enlarging for those he has yet to embrace in its sympathies; and his mind is acquiring that breadth and force, vigor and clearness which will at last be required in the instruction of—it may be *you*, young ladies and gentlemen!

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the rough sketch I have just drawn is not intended as the outline of an autobiography. Far less useful and brilliant has been the career of your fellow-student of the evening, and yet it may be, that even in the experience of years spent in the enforced wanderings of a common soldier; of

other years passed even in the humbler walks of a profession created within a century or two specially to record day by day the progress of this busy world; of years filled in with a mass of reading, even though careless and unsystematic;—it may be that, in all these years, some knowledge which may be imparted to others has been acquired of that world which Shakspeare says is all a stage, but which for this evening, we will consider is all a school.

If there is any one thing that there has been a settled endeavor to impress upon the minds of the students of this Kansas State Agricultural College it is, that neither at this nor any other institution of learning—neither at Manhattan, nor at Göttingen, nor Tübingen, nor at any other place that ends in "ingen"—can be acquired what some people are pleased to call a finished education. This institution does not, if I correctly understand its purposes, teach the young idea how to shoot; it merely endeavors to furnish him with powder and shot, and expects him to do his own shooting! All that is learned here is, as I understand it, only intended as a preparation for the student who is going out to become a gownsman, as the English would say, in that great university —the World.

I say "going out into the world," and I use the expression advisedly. The young man or woman who has passed twenty years of life, who has known something of struggle and toil, incurred possibly to avail himself or herself of the advantage of this very institution, may think that he or she is already in the midst of the great

world; but this is hardly the case. New York harbor is a part of the ocean; the water is salt and sometimes rough, and the breeze that blows over it is fresh and strong, and the tide rises and falls; but no ships are ever seen under full sail in its waters. They are towed about by steam-tugs, and it is only when you are outside of the Narrows, and the tug has cast off and the pilot is gone, that you are at sea; and the difference is, that from that time, on her journey through light and darkness, through sunshine and storm, near the low reef or sunken rock, for thousands of miles, until the once-familiar stars are gone and even the heavens are strange, the good ship must care for herself alone. For days she sails the lonely deep, nor sees the faintest glimmering of a friendly sail. When the sky grows black, the waves grow white, and the vessel rolls and groans like a sick man in his sleep, she cannot run into a friendly harbor; her salvation depends on her keeping off-shore. If there are defects in her construction; if she is ill-manned, or if her rigging is worn when she leaves port, she cannot return to mend these defects. Courage and skill on the part of the officers must repair damages and provide against calamity. But there is no going back; she is at sea.

And this it is that makes going out from an institution like this really going out into the world, because it marks the limit between dependence and self-help. The student here obeys rules and regulations prescribed by others; he reads books placed in his hands by others; he receives opinions, to some extent, because they are

promulgated by authority; but when he steps out of these bounds all this ceases. He is his own man then. A Frenchman relating an experience in England, and illustrating the omnipresence of the English officers of the law, said: "I was alone with God — and a policeman." And so the newly-graduated is alone in the world — with a diploma.

That diploma is a good thing. Your speaker wishes he possessed one; he would prize it, even though it were written in newspaper English. But after all, the parchment only tells what has been done, and it does not always tell the whole truth about that. In a healthy soldier's discharge from the service are the words: "No objection to his being reënlisted is known to exist." I imagine that sentence might be written with propriety on an occasional diploma. The graduate might go back and go through the course again without injury. But admitting that the diploma has been well and fairly earned, it is only an evidence of work worthily done so far — of a good beginning. It is, at the best, a certificate that John Smith or Jane Smith, as the case may be, has made a good start toward acquiring an education, and is prepared, as far as the institution conferring the diploma can furnish a preparation, for entrance in that greater, higher school, the world.

And right here, over the question what sort of preparation should be furnished, has been fought the battle of the educators. It is over this that the great educational gods have kept "this dreadful pother o'er our heads;" it is over this that it has thundered all around

the sky; it is over this that usually mild-mannered men have shot wrathful glances through their gold-bowed spectacles, while every fold of their white neckcloths swelled with indignation. The result of the battle has been the establishment of two varieties of colleges: one teaching the classics, and conferring the information that "Achilles' wrath" was "to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered," and also furnishing the truly gratifying information that Major General Xenophon, with ten thousand men, has fallen back from Richmond to the Chickahominy, and now has the enemy just where he wants him; and the other variety teaching the modern languages, natural sciences, agriculture, and the trades. Possibly this may not be an exactly accurate statement of the case, but it must be taken as the account given by a passing reporter who took no part in the row himself.

But, seriously, men must take the world as they find it. And what kind of a world does the graduate find when he leaves the halls he has paced so long? Is it like an old-fashioned college? The sinking heart of many a young man as he stood in the midst of the surging, careless, seemingly selfish, rude, well-nigh merciless crowd for the first time, has told him that the world is no green college campus; that the men he must meet day in and day out, with whom and from whom he must earn his daily bread, are not professors or students; are not men of culture; that they are not interested in the woes of Greece, but are vastly concerned about their own woes, their own business, and their own dinners.

Stand where meet the thronged ways in a great city, and notice what men carry in their hands, under their arms, or in their breast-pockets, and you will find out something about this world. Here goes a painter with his bucket of white-lead; there goes a carpenter with his square; here passes an Italian with a board on his head, covered with plaster-of-paris figures; here, one after another, pass a dozen clerks with pencils over their ears, and bits of paper in their hands, and papers sticking out of their pockets; shop-boys pass repeatedly with bundles; here walks a round-shouldered chap with the end of his right thumb and finger discolored and worn off a little — he is a printer, and takes a brass composing-rule out of his pocket and puts it back again; men pass with hods, with mortar-boards, with trowels; there may pass once in a while a young gentleman, a smile irradiating his classical features — that is a reporter, going to congratulate with the coroner over an approaching inquest.

This little panorama shows how men live, how you, my friend with the bright and shining diploma, must live. Suppose you wish to find out what these men know. Quote, if you please, something from Homer, in the original Greek; something affecting; the best thing there is in the book about Achilles' wrath and the woes of Greece. Try this on the most intelligent-looking man who passes, and if he is a Kansas man — as he probably will be if he looks uncommonly intelligent — he will look at you in a pitying way, and remark that it is a burning shame that the Insane Asylum at Osawatomie was not enlarged, or a new one built, years

ago. It is evident that the gentleman does not know Greek, and if you will look further you will find before long a man in the crowd who cannot translate the simplest Latin sentence, who nevertheless has a diploma at home written in that language. But the trouble is that shortly after his graduation the exigencies of life obliged him to cease to trouble his head about how long Catiline intends to abuse our patience, and abandoning all concern about the woes of Greece, he went into the soap-grease business. A few moments, then, passed where men can be seen about their ordinary vocations, shows us that the world, which we have said is a school, is likewise an Industrial School. A vast majority of men are engaged in industrial pursuits, and this, too, without regard to the circumstances of their early education. To this complexion men must come at last.

Admitting this to be true, and it most certainly is true, what sort of preparatory school is the best for a young man or young woman who must, in time, enter this great industrial school—the World? The question is easily answered. The preparatory school should be the same, in kind, as the advanced department. It should be what the Boston Latin School has so long been to Harvard. Common-sense, to be plain about it, indicates that the transfer should be from the primary industrial school.

But some people say the office of colleges and universities is not to prepare young men and women for the rugged vocations of life, but to impart to them mental culture. Culture is good; but the question arises, What is the best culture? A man might take a quarter-section

of raw prairie, break it, harrow it, and finally seed it down to marigolds; and that would be culture. The result would be beautiful; a thing of beauty and a joy, till frost came, would be that field of marigolds. What eye would not kindle when "jocund day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops," pointing with rosy fingers to those one hundred and sixty acres of glowing golden marigolds? But the man owning the adjoining quarter breaks up the prairie-sod, and puts the entire tract in onions,—and *that* would be culture, too. The onion is not an aristocratic vegetable; it is not admitted into good society. When the opera house is a blaze of light; when the wealth of empires glitters in diamonds on necks of snow; when the echoes of delicious music fill the high hall, and the vast drop-curtain as it falls trembles responsive to the applause that swells from parquet, boxes, and galleries—no admirer ever throws at the feet of the child of genius, the embodiment of beauty and melody, a dewy bouquet of fresh-culled onions. And yet, to return to the kind of culture on the prairie, public sentiment, leaning over the rail fence and commenting on the two quarter-sections, goes with the raiser of onions; applauds the thoroughness of his culture; remarks the admirable condition of the ground, and the absence of weeds; and the man of onions goes down to his house justified rather than the other. I confess that I am a partisan as between marigolds and onions. I am an ultra onion man, myself.

But, leaving this discussion, it is to be taken for granted, students of the Kansas State Agricultural Col-

lege, that you have made up your minds to cast in your lot with an institution which can say to you when you leave it for the last time, "Go, my son; go, my daughter; I have done all I could for you; would that it were more. I do not send you forth filled with dreams and visions. The world is a working world, as I have told you often, and I have fitted you as best I could to begin that work. You, my son, may not rise to what the world calls distinction. It may not be yours, the 'applause of listening senates to command,' but you may, please God, live honestly and worthily, and eat the bread your own hands have earned. And you, my daughter, go hence, freed from woman's bane and curse—an ignorant helplessness. You go with skillful trained fingers, and an honest heart, into a world that has need of you and such as you."

Graduated from this school and entered upon that other school, the world—who, what, where are the teachers? They are around, above, beneath you; they are yourself, man, and nature. He who hath ears to hear, let him hear in the world, the myriad voices that speak to him. Let him find the "tongues in trees, the books in running brooks, the good in everything," of which the self-taught Shakspeare wrote. But time passes; we cannot call the roll of the faculty of the University of the World, and so I make a few suggestions, addressed more particularly to the graduating class, and those who are soon to follow them. There is a phrase, I believe it is called a "slang phrase"—though whose function it is to say what is slang and

what is not, I do not know—but the phrase runs this way: "Be good to yourself." It is not an exhortation to selfishness; men don't need that. It means respect yourself, take care of and do not squander yourself. You will find that if you are not good to yourself no one else will be good to you. You owe no apology to anyone for being here. You have as good a natural right to a front seat as any boy or girl who goes to the World's School.

This institution, I am informed by the President and members of the Faculty, is not intended for the exclusive production of Presidents of the United States, nor does it guarantee to its graduates situations in the United States Senate; but it is well enough for young gentlemen to remember that genuine distinction is to be attained in the line of agriculture and the mechanic arts. As an illustration of the dignity of agricultural pursuits, you often hear the quotation that "he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is a public benefactor." The whole paragraph, which may be found in Gulliver's Travels, is still more striking. It reads: "And he gave it for his opinion that whosoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

You see, then, that the raising of two blades of grass will make you of more value than the whole race of politicians; and in my opinion, if you raise but one blade

the result will still be the same. But indeed, in the field of agricultural discovery there still seems to be boundless room. The books say that neither Indian corn, potatoes, squashes, carrots, nor cabbages were known in England until after the Sixteenth century. Who knows how many new vegetables are yet to be invented or improved? Fame may have something in store for you in that line. Your name may yet be carved on the perfect watermelon of the future. Old men can remember the advent of nearly every improved agricultural implement which we now consider indispensable. It is the happy combination of farmer and mechanic who is yet to achieve triumphs in the field of agricultural invention. Then there is the great vocation of teaching agriculture and the mechanic arts in schools established for that purpose. This is new ground. The school established in Switzerland by Fellenburg, counted the first or among the first agricultural schools, was founded in 1806, less than seventy years ago; and most of the work done in that line has been done since 1844, and still the surface of the ground has only been scratched. To those who have a genuine literary talent, a readiness in the use of written words, an ability to tell things so that people will read them, and combined with this, have a practical knowledge of the subject of agriculture, I can say that in the opinion of those who do not write on agricultural subjects, there is much to be done. A great deal is written on agricultural questions which is regarded by a careless and hard-hearted world as the perfection of balderdash, the sub-

limated quintessence of moonshine. But is there not some one to be for this country and this time what Arthur Young was for England at the close of the last century? A bold and bright man was Arthur Young. His account of a tour in France, prior to the outbreak of the French Revolution, is quoted by every historian of that struggle as a most faithful picture of the brutalized and degraded condition of the oppressed French peasantry, which led to the final explosion. Said Young in the account of his tour: "The fields are scenes of pitiable management, as the houses are of misery. To see so many millions of hands that would be industrious, all idle and starving. Oh, if I were legislator of France for one day, I would make these great lords skip again." Thus wrote Arthur Young, farmer, reporter of the *Morning Post*, tourist, political writer, and correspondent of Washington. He wrote many books, among them a work on Ireland and its agricultural condition and resources. The material for a portion of this work was collected in 1776, just one hundred years ago, and is still quoted by the latest writers on Ireland. Young wrote not only what he knew himself, but what others found out. The cattle-breeding experiments of Robert Bakewell, who was not himself a writer, were described and commended by Young. Who of the graduates of this institution will be *our* Arthur Young, to write agricultural books to be read a hundred years hence, and have it said of him, "He will be illustrious in all succeeding days, as long as the profit of the earth is for all, and the king himself is served by the field"?

To those who propose to follow the mechanic arts, it is unnecessary to say, that it is the skillful mechanic rather than the soldier who now goes where glory waits him. This is the mechanic's age. He is the reigning monarch now, and we all take off our hats to him. He is the Prospero of this our island, and steam is the monster Caliban that does his bidding. I doubt if there is a man before me who would not rather wear the laurels of Capt. Eads, the designer of that wonderful bridge at St. Louis, than to be President of the United States.

You enter the World's School, then, under favorable auspices, and it remains only that you improve your opportunities; and let me say that you cannot always tell from appearances who is capable of instructing you. The teachers of the World's School are not always in uniform. For instance: your orator undertook one day to air the nautical knowledge he had obtained by a study of Mr. Fennimore Cooper's sailors, who are only equaled in naturalness by his Indians, and in about five seconds had his ignorance set in order before his face by the gentleman he was kindly endeavoring to instruct. But who would have thought that the quiet gentleman in a frock-coat, writing in an office, with a pencil over his ear, had really followed the sea for years? Such, however, happened to be the exact situation. You will find that rough-looking men — illiterate men, in fact — are often exceedingly well posted on some one or two things. If you ignore such you will lose something. And this you will discover: that men and women with naturally good minds, but who, from ignorance of writing are una-

ble to keep a diary, journal, or memoranda of any kind, have frequently a very tenacious memory of matters which have come under their personal observation. The true method of investigation is that pursued by the newspaper reporter, who forms no theory in advance, but, on his arrival at the scene of a fire, or fight, takes the statements of all within reach, without regard to "age, sex, or previous condition of servitude." In the World's School, unless you are willing to accept all available information, from all possible sources, you will never be a good scholar.

There is a maxim often quoted in connection with education, viz., that "half a loaf is better than no bread;" but I may be allowed to remark that one blade of a pair of scissors is precious little better than no scissors at all; and so it is not well in this world to devote a year of precious time to a study which cannot be mastered in twenty years. Take, for instance, phonography, one of the many systems of short-hand. A knowledge of this art — by which I mean the art of *verbatim* reporting and nothing less — while doubtless a good thing to have, is not a prime necessity to one man or woman in ten thousand. The mass of reporters and writers for the press get along without it, and many of the best reporters who have ever lived have been unacquainted with it. Yet how many thousands of people who really had no occasion to study it have wasted time and money in the attempted acquisition. How many thousands, deceived by the ease with which the theory of phonography is understood, have gone far enough to discover that they could

not get practice enough in all the leisure hours of Methusaleh to make them good short-hand reporters. A pile of double-ruled paper as large as this room could be constructed of the note-books of people who after months of practice have found that they could not report even the slowest sermon, and on trying it found themselves struggling with the pot-hooks which represent "My beloved brethren and sisters" when they should have been making a crooked mark for "Amen." These people have simply been trying to make a century-plant bloom at two years old, that's all. Had they been wise they would have devoted their two years to something that can be learned reasonably well—well enough to be used, in two years. Newspaper men, who really may be supposed to need phonography, as I have said, get along without it. They find it easier, in many instances, to sit comfortably while the entirely original, unpremeditated and impromptu discourse is being delivered, and then, approaching the speaker after he has concluded, hear him say, "Why, my dear sir, I was not expecting to have my hasty remarks appear in print, but if it would be an accommodation to you I can let you have the heads of my address—just a synopsis, you know." Whereupon he proceeds to draw from his right-hand coat-tail pocket the complete manuscript.

The remarks made on the subject of phonography apply also to ineffectual or insufficient efforts to acquire a knowledge of the violin, and especially the flute. In regard to the latter instrument, not only self-interest but humanity to the neighbors demands that you should

not waste your time in abortive tootings. If you feel it your duty to retire for a season from the haunts of men, and, forsaking everything else, cleave only to the flute until you become its master, it is well; but do not under any other circumstances touch that instrument.

Having warned you not to attempt the mastery of really desirable accomplishments unless you are sure that you have the aptitude and the leisure for their perfect acquirement, let me earnestly entreat you not to commit the great error of wasting golden hours in the discussion of matters which are of no vital importance. Beware of societies for the diffusion of useless knowledge; assemblages of people who know nothing, to discuss matters of which nobody knows anything. Remember that the Almighty is the only being who is omniscient, the claims of various learned societies to the contrary notwithstanding. There are some things you will never know, and it is a good plan not to rack your brains over those things. The exact age of this world, for instance, can never be ascertained. Do not worry your mind by efforts to fix the precise hour in the forenoon at which the process of creation began. In these days when "science" is talked about by gentlemen whose knowledge of the correct spelling of the word is a recent acquirement, I know it is dangerous to disparage what is called "scientific investigation." To speak lightly of such, exposes the speaker to the danger of being called "ignorant," by people who spell it with two g's; but still I will risk this frightful calamity by expressing the conviction that years devoted to labor which results at

last, not in the discovery of a fact in nature, but merely in the elaboration of a theory, are wasted years. "What shall it profit a man?" is, after all, the question. What does it profit a man to handle over a large number of skulls, and shout with rapture when he finds a monkey's skull which resembles his own? He cannot know, after all, that that particular monkey was his relative. The glow of family pride which comes over him at first, is soon dampened by the dreary reflection that there may be a mistake somewhere; that the depression in the monkey's forehead which gives it its startling resemblance to his own may be exceptional, may have been the result of accident in youth, a blow from a cocoanut in the hands of an irate parent, or something of the kind.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave," and the paths of this sort of "scientific investigation" lead us into the mazes of painful uncertainty. Our ancestral gorilla eludes our grasp like the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth. And if he did not, what then? Is there any present or practical good to be attained by dwelling on his merits or demerits, or in tracing, painfully, the line which leads from us to him — realizing, perhaps, that of late years the family has degenerated?

But somebody, not a scientist, may ask, "Do you declaim against all investigation of the mysteries of nature?" Certainly not. Consider the grasshopper, how he grows. He is a mystery. Whence he cometh and whither he goeth we cannot tell. Find out, if you can, why a miserable insect which a child can crush

beneath its foot, ravages whole States, while man, with all his boasted resources, seems powerless to resist him. Mysteries! Secrets! If you would investigate them, the world is full of them. The forces of nature — electricity, and the rest — have existed from the beginning, but how long has man known of their power? How much does he know now? The lightning flashed before the blinded eyes of Adam, but how long since the electric spark became, not the terror, but the friend of man? Steam curled up from the kettle of Tubal Cain, but how long since man knew how strong were the shoulders of the prisoned vapor which now bears so many burdens? Charcoal lay in the ashes of the first fire kindled by man on the earth; nitre formed on the walls of the cave, and sulphur lurked in the earth; but how long since man knew that these substances, harmless apart, were, linked together, a black conspirator who, without warning, can tear a city or a mountain to fragments? No man can say that further investigation on these lines will reveal nothing. How long is it since gunpowder, supposed to be the most powerful of all explosive substances, was found to be to nitro-glycerine what a boy's strength is to a man's? Investigation! There is room for enough of that to fill the next thousand years, during which the question of our primitive gorilla-hood can be suffered to rest.

In the World's School as in the district school, a great hindrance to study is too much whispering, too much noise, too much talk. The present age demands and admires action, not words. Said an intelligent gentle-

man, speaking the other evening of the British House of Commons: "A great orator is a great nuisance and a great bore." It will, I think, be so considered in this country some day. It is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished. If any of these young ladies or gentlemen have a habit of keeping still until they have something to say, they can rest easy in the belief that the world is coming round to their fashion. I think even now if Demosthenes were living and were to repeat his experiment of the pebbles, he would meet with little sympathy. At this time, and I may remark, in this State, where we are so little advanced in the practice of agriculture—the oldest of human vocations—that the failure of a single crop reduces us to the condition of Indians when the buffalo fails to put in an appearance, and a piteous cry for "aid" goes up from one end of the State to the other—in such a State there is little time for speech-making. The world needs, nay, more, will have men of action, not of mere words either spoken or printed. A volume of speeches is not a very enduring monument, generally a fading and perishable one; a fine bridge, a noble aqueduct, a row of tenement houses, built by generosity, not avarice, a beautiful farmhouse—such are the monuments men should leave behind them. It is the impatience of the world with talk that leads to Carlyle's "Hero Worship," and such grim books as his Cromwell and Frederick; and who that reads these books does not imbibe a feeling of respect for men of action rather than the men of pamphlets, speeches and proclamations? Who, whatever

may be his idea of the career, as a whole, of the first Napoleon, does not, in reading that last chapter save one in Carlyle's "French Revolution," stand an admirer of that young artillery officer, Bonaparte by name, as he stands amid his guns at four o'clock in the afternoon of that October day, waiting the approach of that bloody mob of Paris who succeeded as rulers those "great lords" whom Arthur Young hated? They are moving forty thousand strong; their stray shot rattle on the staircase of the Tuilleries; they are very near. "Whereupon, thou bronze artillery officer? Fire!" say the bronze lips. Roar and roar again go his great guns, and "it was all over by six," said citizen Bonaparte in his report. The mob which had cut off the heads of many speech-makers had met at last a man of action.

And yet, what is called a "talent for affairs" is not inconsistent with the possession of a kindly spirit, manifesting itself outwardly and visibly in perfect courtesy. Some of the busiest men I have known always found time to be civil. In the World's School you will find that your progress and happiness depend much upon your treatment of your fellow-students. The Nineteenth is a good century for firm men; it is a bad one for bullies—even of the pious variety. Lord Chesterfield was never wiser than when he exhorted his son always to be the friend, but never the bully of virtue. This you may depend upon: that you may lead your class, but you will never drive it—except, perhaps, after the manner of the Irishman's horse, of which his enthusiastic owner exclaimed, "Bedad, he's driving everything

before him!" As you cannot safely domineer over your fellows, so you may be sure you cannot long deceive them. The stolen composition will be found in your desk; the plagiarized speech will be detected. Blinder than the blindest bat that fluttered in dark Egypt's deepest darkness are those who put not their trust in God or man, but in tricks. Little traps, set by little men, are daily knocked to pieces beneath the very noses of their sagacious contrivers, and the world's derisive laughter rings out at "strategy, my boy"!

This, then, in your intercourse with your fellow-students of this world, is the chief end of life: to be a gentleman; and this includes the ladies, for lady is but the feminine of gentleman. To be a gentleman you have the world's encouragement—nay more, you have an angelic warrant; for what says Thackeray, in the "End of the Play":

> "A gentleman, or old or young;
> (Bear kindly with my humble lays,)
> The sacred chorus first was sung
> Upon the first of Christmas days.
> The shepherds heard it overhead,
> The joyful angels raised it then;
> Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
> And peace on earth to gentle men."

But I must not keep you here listening to words which, after all, may not be worth your remembrance, and which, in the hurly-burly of that world which soon, very soon will open up before the youngest here, you will scarcely find time to remember; and yet the bless-

ing and benediction of any human being, even that of the sightless beggar by the wayside, is worth the having.

Young men, young women, crowding forward from the byways into the broad highway of life, may you do well the work that is waiting for your hands, realizing the obligation spoken of by Lord Bacon: "I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto."

May your lives resemble not the desert's bitter stream, which mocks the cracked and blistered lips of the fainting, dying traveler; which but adds horror to the fiery desert, and sinks at last into the burning sands, to which it brought no verdure, no gladness — from which it received nothing but poison and a grave.

May the course of your lives find no counterpart in the sluggish course of the dull bayou, a fungus among streams, which winds and doubles and winds again through miles of rank vegetation, which curtain its dark course, and shut out from its sullen waters the gladsome light of day; a waveless, tideless stream, in which reptiles of hideous shape crawl, and glide, and swim, and which at night seems to lie still in the darkness and listen to doleful and mysterious voices. May none of you ever live isolated from your kind, like those lakes which lurk amid dark, once-volcanic mountains, with no visible inlet or outlet; deep, self-contained, solitary, giving back no reflection save the dim images of scorched and barren rocks, and splintered peaks; lakes

on which nothing lives or floats, which hide forever in their dark bosoms everything cast into them.

But may your lives be like the river, which rises amid the pure snows of the bold mountain; which, hurling itself over the cliffs, answers back the wild, free eagle's scream; which forces its way through the rocks that would impede it in its search for the valley; which slakes, as it goes, the thirst of the deer, and washes the roots of the pine tree from which the flag of the far-sailing merchantman is yet to fly; which turns the rude wheel of the mountain mill, and whirls in its eddies the gathering sawdust as it speeds from under the whirring, glittering teeth of steel it has bidden to rend the logs it has brought them. It grows wider and deeper, and more silent and yet stronger, as it flows between smiling farms and thrifty villages, which owe their existence to the bounteous river. At night it sends its mist over all the valley and half-way up the hills — like sweet Charity, who silently wraps in her sheltering mantle all the sons of men. It carries on its bosom all floating craft — the light canoe, the slow-drifting raft, the arrow-like steamer. In time, its wavelets give back at night in dancing gleams, the thousand lights of the great cotton mills, and, anon, its waters part before the prow of the new-built ship as she glides down the ways to the element which is henceforth to be her home. Thus goes the shining river, the ever-useful, ever-blessed river; best friend of toiling man; fairest thing from the creative hand of God. Thus goes the river, to mingle at last forever with the sun-lit sea.

BOOKS.*

LIKE many another who has "offered his services," I find that I have, after all, no particular service to give. Anxious to do something to show my interest in what is to me a most interesting occasion, I readily promised, and thought there would be, when the time came, no lack of ideas and words, (though these are not always associated;) but the time has come, and I find that the cares and labors and thoughts of an existence of drudgery have nearly driven all I thought I should say out of my mind.

We are here to establish a memorial to dear and valued friends, and for myself I may say that the memorial could have taken no shape more pleasing than that of a collection of books, small or great. Perhaps from an inability to grasp great things, the vast memorials which men have erected for themselves, or which their heirs or their friends or admirers, or even their countries, have erected for them, have failed to impress my mind or heart. For myself, my imagination has been the rather warmed and inspired by humbler memorials designed to keep alive in love and honor a name, and to diminish in some de-

*An address delivered at the dedication of the Anderson Memorial Library, of Emporia College, June 5, 1888.

gree, though but for a moment, an hour, the sum of human suffering, the weight of human need. While nearly every line of "Marmion," read when a boy, has faded from my mind, I remember the inscription above the wayside spring where they laid the dying chieftain down:

> "Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray
> For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
> Who built this cross and well."

To me, Sybil Grey, whose memory in the poem is kept alive by the little pool, the trickling stream, flowing for dying knight of high degree or footsore wayside beggar, a comfort for the time, has been all these years as real a person as John Howard. Very dear, too, are those worthies, who, dying centuries ago, left not churches, convents, public edifices, lofty halls or cloistered colleges to preserve the recollection of their names or riches, but the rather certain bequests providing that on certain days in the year so many poor people, whether worthy or unworthy the will did not specify, who should apply at a certain place, should receive so many loaves of bread, so that they might eat and be filled and go their possibly idle and worthless and inconsequential ways to the end of the world. On the idea of one of these bequests, Dickens wrote his charming stories of "The Seven Poor Travelers," who, driven about by the storms of fortune, found for one night a snug harbor, an inn, where, after supper provided as it were by a vanished hand, they sat by the fire kindled by a long-gone testator, and related their adventures. This seems,

to me at least, real and unworldly charity, done in God's name, without hope of praise, and falling like His rain in the quiet night, unthinking of the just or the unjust.

Next to a memorial taking the form of an alleviation of physicial human suffering, sheltering the houseless, or feeding the hungry, there can be no finer or better way of keeping green in life and afterward the name and memory of the good, than by collecting for all time and future generations good books, that he who comes may read; and in this case it is most appropriate, as this library is to bear the name of a family that has known in all its recorded generations the use and value and solace of reading. One of the most widely-read of Kansas scholars and gentlemen once gave me a yellow and time-stained pamphlet — it was the printed funeral sermon of his great-grandmother; and in it the clergyman said of this elect lady of a day when books were scarce and women were not taught as they are now, that she never went visiting without taking with her a book that she might read in her leisure moments, to herself or her entertainers. And a family which has produced four generations in succession of Presbyterian clergymen — men of education, of books — could not be better commemorated. Doubtless the brave North Carolina Whig grandmother of Col. Anderson, who hid her little store of corn-meal beneath her hearthstone to keep it from Tarleton's British troopers, read the Mecklenburg Declaration when it was published, and would highly approve this idea of ours of a library bearing

the name of her husband, and of her sons. And the mention of families reminds me, that in this and every American library there should be collected books on genealogy, family histories, and family trees—even crests and arms, if you please; books sometimes sneered at as unrepublican and un-American, and yet having a respectable precedent, since it was Moses himself who recorded the genealogy of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and a great many more.

And now that we have come to the library, the actual memorial library, I should like to say, that first of all let us have old books, both as commemorating an old family with the qualities of the old time, and as in themselves most valuable. All must remember the words of Goldsmith, really much older than he: "I love everything that's old—old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." And in old books you have the bright or serious companionship of "old friends," the impress of "old manners," the restoration of all that was best in "old times," and the cheer, subtle and potent, of "old wine." Said a gentlemen whose name if I should mention it would be recognized as that of one endowed with nearly every sort of modern culture: "I try, sometimes, to read a modern novel, but I cannot keep my mind on it; I lay it down and read 'Waverley' or 'Ivanhoe' for the seventieth or eightieth time."

This is not saying that there are no good books in the world; but let us not forget to gather the books, the common books that the world has pronounced its judg-

ment upon, and set its seal upon. The writer of that somewhat melancholy melody, "I cannot Sing the Old Songs," gives us as a reason, "for foolish tears would flow." That is the very reason that you should hold to the old books, the books that for centuries, it may be, have caused the eyes to brighten or to fill; that have stirred the heart and quickened the pulses and informed the spirit. Keep them. Let no friend withhold books because they are old; because he or she fancies that everybody has read them. One generation after another rises to call the good old books blessed. They are as inexhaustible as the glories of the dawn, the blessings of the rain. Neither is it necessary to stand on the appearance of the covers. The first lesson to be learned about books is, that it is not the outside but the inside that counts.

Then we should gather, I think, what may be called "home" books; books about America, about the United States of America, about Kansas, the heart of America; books written by Americans about America, about Kansas. Reading, like charity, may well begin at home. This because there is so much to read and because we have need of that sentiment in regard to our country which may be called "loving her very earth," and to that end those books are most valuable, like Thoreau's, which teach us of the ground, the trees, the waters, the winds that blow over what we call our native land, the waves that break upon its shores. Gather such books here that there may grow in young hearts that passionate attachment to our home and country, one's own visible

and actual country, that wells from the heart of the Ancient Mariner:

> "Oh, dream of joy! Is this indeed
> The lighthouse top I see?
> Is this the hill, is this the kirk,
> Is this mine own countree?"

It is designed, it may be said, to make this library, not only a memorial to friends and benefactors of this institution, but a means of instruction to students who may gather here; but while this is true, it is to be hoped that mere text-books will form the least of the collection. It is not as taskmasters that books are wanted here; but as a comfort, a solace and a help. It happens to all of us, that experience which forms the opening sentence of one of the most famous of books: "As I wandered through the wilderness of this world," says John Bunyan, "I lighted upon a certain place where was a den." We all in journeying through this wilderness, this actual great American desert of a world, come upon Bunyan's "den," and are reminded of what Coleridge said of Edmund Burke: "He lived in a world like Noah's ark, where there were a few men and a great many beasts." The books which stand us in hand, then, are books of gold, but they are great in their variety; they are books that appeal to the heart, the sensibilities, the spirit, rather than cold reason. What some people call "verses," and "light reading," have before now, living in the memory, kept the brain from withering and the heart from breaking. May all those books which have, in other ages and our age, from the Meditations of Thomas

á Kempis, backward and forward, strengthened the soul, be found here; and may, along with these, every book that has stirred the heart to innocent joy be found here; and may all the books that have told the story of bravery by land or sea, be found here.

Of bad books, so much talked of, I do not have much fear. Wicked action is the result of ignorance which cannot write books, or of sudden and distorted impulse that does not take the time. The companionship with oneself, the deliberation, the sober second thought necessary to the composition of a book, refines, so to speak, the coarseness of wickedness. Doubtless many books have been written that did no good; few, I am inclined to think, that have done much harm by their degradation of the mind or blinding of the conscience. But in this fortress of orthodoxy, there need be no fear that books will pass the guard-line that will do much in themselves to shake belief. Most authors are men of such thoughtfulness that, whatever their theories, they yield the main and essential question, as in the well-known case of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who having finished his great work to the effect that there is no revelation, knelt down in his chamber — it being as he says, a fine day in summer, the sun shining clear and no wind stirring — and so, taking his book in his hands, besought a revelation, which, he further says, came in the shape of "a loud but gentle noise, forth from the heavens."

And so, friends, it seems that there can be no better memorial gathered of lives spent in goodness and honor; of fifty years of wedded happiness; of an ancient and

patriotic American family; a memorial to remain such while this school endures, than these books—not forgetting to place among them some storied copy, (like the Bible of Wesley they have been reading at the great conference in New York,) of that volume, which, whether from its age, its circulation, its influence, the wealth of learning drawn to its exposition and defense, or the broad and deep mark it has made on the literature of the world, may be called the Book of Books, which in the soldier's knapsack or beneath the sailor's swaying pillow, goes around and around the world, speaking to men and women and little children of the "Book of Life."

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